

The TATLER

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April 14, 1937



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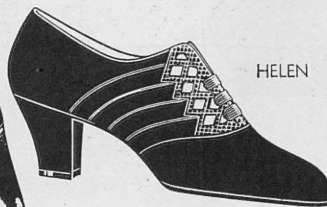
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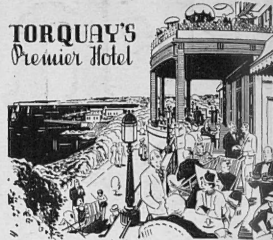
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The TATTLER

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LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT

Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

Among Coronation débutantes who go hunting with great zest is the elder daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas. Lady Rosemary Eliot has hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds since she was quite a little girl, and were it not for the tremendous counter attraction of coming-out doings in London she would doubtless again be there to see her uncle fulfil his yearly ambition of killing a May fox. Lady Rosemary Eliot was born in 1919. Her sister, Lady Kathleen Eliot, is two years younger

PANORAMA



SIR IAN MALCOLM WITH
MADAME PAUL DUBONNET

A before lunch photograph taken in the garden of the Paris Ritz. The 17th Laird of Poltalloch was over in Paris to attend the general meeting of the Suez Canal Company, of which he is a director. Mme. Paul Dubonnet has been wintering in Cannes with her husband and before long will be setting off for London and the Coronation

"Do you know what a pessimist is? A man who thinks everyone as nasty as himself and hates them for it."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

WE meet them every day, those gloomy men and women who grudge others enthusiasm, hope and enjoyment. If they speak of their fellow creatures they say: "They will come to a bad end sooner or later." If a gala occasion such as the Coronation is mentioned they moan: "It is sure to rain."

They are the wet blankets of humanity, and as such should be isolated and left to dry in solitude. They are miserable themselves and make others equally unhappy.

Stamp on them, throw them out, and forget them. It is a fine world and we are glad to be in it.

Memories are proverbially short. Parts of London are changing so rapidly in the process of being prepared for the Coronation that



THE HON. MRS. PATRICK BELLEW AND JOHN JEREMY

John Jeremy Bellew, who was six weeks old when this pleasant picture was taken, was christened on April 7 at the Oratory, Brompton. His mother, formerly the Hon. Moya Beresford, is the younger daughter of Lord Decies, and his father, who draws with such wit and brilliance, is a half-brother of the 5th Baron Bellew. The Hon. Patrick and Mrs. Bellew have a very attractive house in Mulberry Walk



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY

With her son, Malcolm James, and her daughter, Jane Mairi Margaret, plus kitten, photographed in their London garden. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay is the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's younger daughter, and like all members of this family, exceedingly fond of and kind to animals. Her husband, Mr. James Drummond-Hay of Seggieden, is a cousin of Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson

they are not only almost unrecognisable but one almost forgets what they were like before the changes!

Everyone who comes to London for the event, as well as Londoners themselves, must, of course, be given a chance of seeing the Coronation procession. Still, it isn't possible to help regretting that visitors will see only Coronation stands where we Londoners usually admire the gardens surrounding the Victoria Memorial, while the Mall, with its forests of white posts with a golden crown and lion on their summits, and walls of wooden stands, is unrecognisable. I always think that the view of St. James's Park with the lake and bridge, with the Government buildings in the background, is one of the most lovely in London, and I'm sorry that visitors who come to the Coronation from overseas will be gone before the restoration process is started—let alone finished.

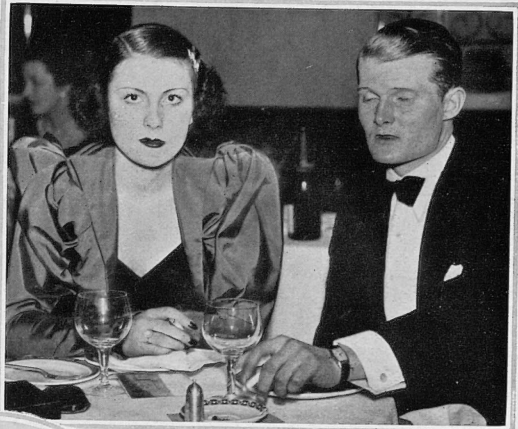
If prizes were given to diplomats for industry, surely the Austrian Minister, Baron Franckenstein, would head the list for his wholehearted and unremitting efforts on behalf of his

country in England. He is, of course, credited among other things with having first aroused the interest of the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) in Austria, and so put Kitzbuhel on the "social" map. And most of the enthusiasm for Austria that has swept over society during the last few years might also be put to his credit. It is seldom that a distinguished Austrian artist or painter visits London without being given an opportunity of meeting some of the Minister's English friends at the Legation in Belgrave Square.

Next week's party at 18, Belgrave Square will be one of those musical evenings in which Baron Franckenstein specialises. The particular attraction on this even is the Salzburg Mozart Orchestra which, conducted by Dr. Baumgartner, will play during the evening.

Another diplomat alive to the importance of promoting amiable social as well as diplomatic relations between his own country and ours, is M. Masirevich, who invited guests to the Hungarian Legation in Eaton Place last week. They met in his pleasant crimson and white reception rooms, which are lit by some very fine crystal chandeliers and wall brackets. The host, Lord Londonderry, and Sir Thomas Hohler, reminded us of the amicable relations that were traditional between England and Hungary, and Louis Kentner played the piano with the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11 to finish the programme.

The Anglo-Hungarian Society, reborn that afternoon, looks forward to many pleasant meetings in the future. At the French Embassy M. Corbin will be entertaining, and other diplomatic entertaining may be expected when the Crown Princess of Denmark, whom we remember best as pretty and popular Princess Ingrid of Sweden, and her husband arrive to stay with the Duke of Connaught for the Coronation. Their stay will necessarily be



Swabe

AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS: MISS ANGELA TODD AND THE EARL OF MACDUFF

The Earl of Macduff is the only son of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught and is in the Scots Greys—as was his father before him. He is a useful horseman and, like most of his regiment, has a liking for the polo game



Cannons of Hollywood

LADY NAPIER: A RECENT PORTRAIT

Sir Joseph Napier's attractive wife is the former Miss Isabel Surtees, the younger daughter of Major Henry Surtees of Redworth Hall, Durham, a county in which that name is not exactly unknown. Major Surtees was formerly in the 2nd Life Guards. Sir Joseph Napier was hit three times in the Great War and served in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia

a short one as they have to return to Denmark to take part in the celebrations of the Jubilee of King Christian and his wife, which falls three days after the date of the Coronation, but the Duke will be happy to have his granddaughter with him again.

* * *
The first of the parties to be given in

for Australia and New Zealand, with their wives, have also accepted invitations, while among guests expected are Admiral Sir Roger and Lady Keyes, and Lord and Lady Elibank, who returned from a most extensive tour in the Dominions not so long ago. Sir John and Lady Tilley—he used to be our Ambassador in Japan—will be there, also the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Broadbridge, and a host of other interesting people, including Miss Irene Ward, M.P., and Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs.

* * *
Entertaining last week was confined mostly to small-scale parties with one notable exception—the dance for her débutante daughter, Victoria, given by Mrs. Montgomerie Charrington.

The Charringtons have one of those comfortable old-fashioned houses in Eaton Place which, while judged by ultra-modern standards might be found "wanting," are delightful to live in. Fine high rooms are rare these days, while the huge drawing-room, opening into a conservatory, is a lovely sight when the sun shines through on a colourful display of spring flowers.

Flowers filled all the rooms at 23, Knightsbridge, where Mrs. Charrington's dance was given—flame and orange flowers

(Continued overleaf)



PRINCE BERNHARD AND PRINCESS JULIANA LEAVING A PARIS RESTAURANT

Since the above was taken the Crown Princess of the Netherlands and her husband have left France! They were so hotly pursued by lorry loads of Pressmen that progress was made a bit difficult, and it is said that the Princess was unable to complete all her proposed shopping. The bride and bridegroom certainly look somewhat watchful in the above picture



PLAYING RIVIERA TENNIS

Miss Penelope Thomas, her father, Captain Ralph Thomas, Princess Liechtenstein and Miss Esme Harmsworth give the camera a chance before taking part in friendly battles at Beaulieu, where the tennis courts are among the best on the Côte d'Azur. Miss Esme Harmsworth, the 15-year-old daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, is spending her Easter holidays on the Riviera, and thoroughly enjoying them

in the ballroom, banks of flowers in delicate shades of pink up the staircase, flowers in a harlequin scheme on the buffet and supper tables.

An oyster bar, kept a strict secret until the night of the ball, was the surprise of the evening and proved the most popular innovation.

Fair-haired Miss Victoria Charrington in a white and silver frock looked delightfully pretty; the hostess wore green and silver.

All the most attractive débutantes of the season were present, with the exception of Lady Iris Mountbatten, whom her mother, Lady Carisbrooke, is not allowing to attend dances until after she has been to Court.

Pay Parties are consistently popular. The attractive Countess of Birkenhead is working hard to make a success of one which will be held at Lord Dudley's house in Belgrave Square on April 22. The proceeds go to the Institute of Vocational Guidance, which, dealing psychologically with the careers of children, is doing marvellous work.

The party, which will undoubtedly be a success, has a beautiful collection of hostesses. Lady Isobel Guinness is my ideal of sweet loveliness; Lady Pamela Berry and Lady

PANORAMA—continued

Elveden are representative of English beauty; while three of the others, Lady Jersey, Lady Daphne Straight, and Mrs. Robert Laycock, are all noted for their charm and good looks. Two guineas is a small sum to pay to see such a galaxy, especially when a champagne supper and Jack Harris' Band are included.

It was unfortunate that rain came down steadily on the morning of the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. Although the weather cleared up before the actual racing began, the ground was too moist and muddy underfoot to be altogether comfortable. Women never seem to learn common sense in regard to shoes, and more than one racegoer who had come lightly shod regretted it before the day was over.

Like the R.A. Meeting I mentioned last week, the Household Brigade fixture is, more or less, a "family" affair, with riders "up" for the pure fun of the sport. The most valuable race, the Lifeguards' Regimental Challenge Cup, is worth only a hundred and fifty sovereigns, with twenty sovereigns to the winner, ten sovereigns to the second, and five sovereigns to the third, but only if seven horses start.

This is distinctly a "hearty" meeting, with young people in the majority.

The Duchess of Norfolk, who registered her racing colours the other day and has a wide knowledge of horses and racing, was with her father, Lord Belper. Her neat brown suit, worn with a swagger coat of ocelot fur and a cap to match, was exactly suited to a country meeting and immensely becoming to the wearer.

Since her wedding the Duchess of Roxburghe has developed a keen interest in racing, and made a point of coming to this particular meeting. Lady Cambridge is an enthusiastic racegoer and was a "regular" present, and I caught sight of Major and Lady May Abel Smith in the members' enclosure.



MR. V. C. BUCKLEY AND LADY SWINFEN

A photograph taken by Lord Swinfen on the *Queen Mary* when the ship was leaving New York for England. The marriage of Miss Mary Farman to Lord Swinfen took place at the Church of All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, in January, and they chose the United States for their honeymoon. Mr. Buckley's reason for crossing the Atlantic was an American lecture tour, which proved highly successful. He has two good travel books to his credit

Film first nights are still a "draw"—as a money-raising proposition charity organisers accept the offer of a "first night" with gratitude.

In the foyer of the Leicester Square Theatre last week Lady Davidson held a sort of informal reception while guests flocked in to see *The Elephant Boy*—film version of Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*.

The Duchess of Sutherland, slim and elegant, wore two rows of pearls on her lavender-blue dress. As the proceeds of the performance went to the Westminster Housing Association and Westminster Homes, Ltd., it wasn't surprising to see Mrs. Baldwin, the Walter Runcimans, and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain in the discreetly jostling throng in the foyer.

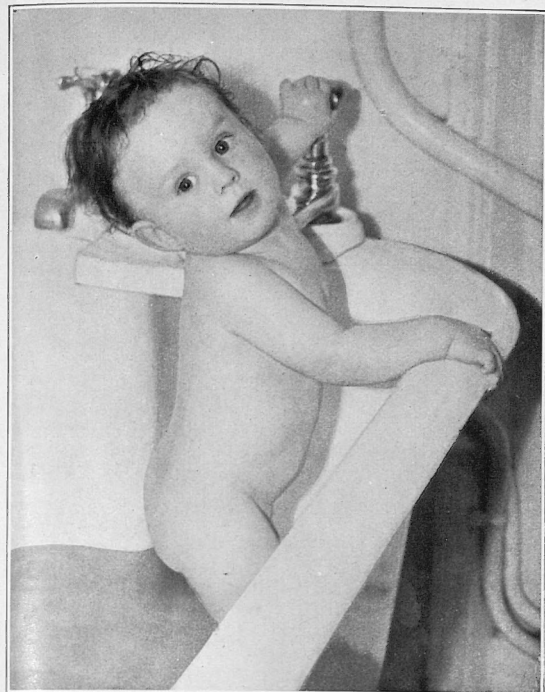
The thrill of the evening was the moment when the wild elephants, trumpeting loudly, stampeded.

Lecturing as a form of entertainment has never "caught on" in England, but Americans revel in it. Lady Listowel is scoring an immense

success in her lecturing tour over there. Her subject, "European Affairs," might not sound vitally interesting to the average American woman or man, but Hungarian-born Lady Listowel, who is very well informed and has a delightful speaking voice, has carried all her audiences with her.

V. C. Buckley, the author of two popular travel books, also had a great success in the U.S.A. on his lecture tour—the subject of which was "Ancestral Homes and Gardens of England." He arrived home on the *Queen Mary* with that attractive honeymoon couple, Lord and Lady Swinfen. He found America very Coronation-conscious, and was disconcerted to find himself billed everywhere as having been "at school with the King of England"! Actually, Mr. Buckley was at Cambridge with His Majesty.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A VISCOUNT



A VISCOUNT IN HIS BATH, AND (right),
AT ANOTHER MOMENT



Photographs: Swaebe

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD AND VISCOUNT FURNEAUX,
THE HEIR—ALSO INSET ON RIGHT

All these very domesticated pictures of Lord and Lady Birkenhead and the only son of the house, Lord Furneaux, were taken at their town house in Chester Street. Lord Furneaux's baptismal names are Frederick William Robin, and he answers to the latter most readily. He was born on April 17 last year, so is due for a celebration of an important date very shortly. Lord Furneaux is one of those people whom it is so pleasant to meet, because he is what they call a "daily dipper." The spaniel, who is attached to the establishment, is apparently on very good terms with the Viscount. Lord Birkenhead succeeded his famous father in 1930, and is responsible for a good biography of that brilliant personality. Lady Birkenhead was formerly the Hon. Sheila Berry



THE CINEMA

At the Curzon
By JAMES AGATE

I HAVE long come to the conclusion that I am living in the wrong age. In the good old days of Henry Irving dramatic critics were given champagne and chicken, which may have meant a banquet or actually no more than a stringy drumstick and half a tumblerful of something corked. There are, alas, no perquisites in the theatre world to-day! In the film world I understand that it is different. A young colleague of mine asked me the other day how I did last Christmas. I said I had never been in better health. He said he wasn't talking about health. What he had ventured to ask was how I had fared in the way of Christmas-boxes from the film companies. I said that licking the boots of the film magnates—which was what film criticism normally amounts to—had been its own reward. He expressed utter astonishment and forthwith proceeded to give me his list of last year's Christmas benefits. Here it is:—

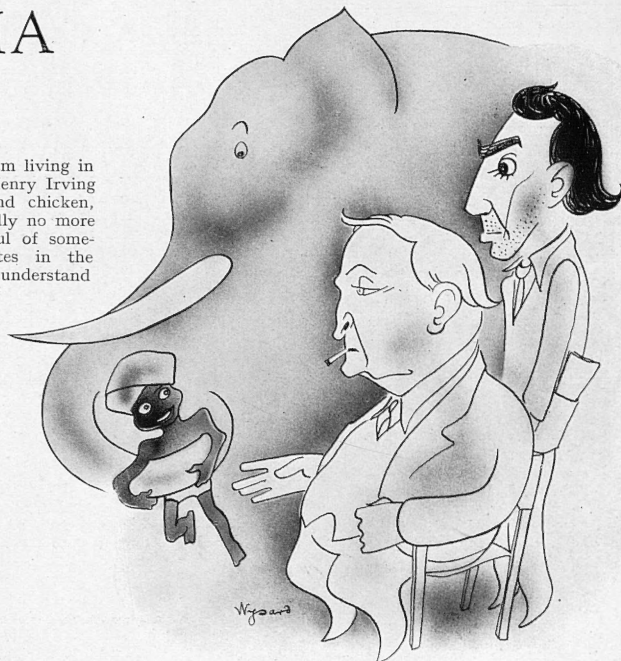
- 1 doz. bottles Pol Roger, 1926.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. John Haig.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. Old Rarity Whisky.
- 1 bottle Seager's Gin.
- 1 bottle Cognac.
- 1 bottle Spey Royal.
- 1 bottle Port.
- 1 bottle Sherry.
- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ guineas of Book Tokens.
- 1 Parker Pen.

What I want to know is why I was overlooked! My suggestions for Christmas this year are as follows, and I think I may remind that my principal hobby is harness-horses:—

- 100 Corona Coronas.
- 100 lb. of oats.
- 1 pair driving gloves.
- 1 doz. bottles Bollinger N.V.
- 1 bundle hay.
- 1 driving rug.
- 1 pair of theatre spectacles.
- 1 pair of blinkers.
- 1 cocktail set.
- 1 set of horse-shoes.

I am impartially minded and shall leave it to any generous-minded persons who may be thinking of me round about next Christmas time to apportion these manifestations of regard in whatever way they like, and I humbly warn them that it won't make the slightest difference to anything I say! I shall either keep awake at their pictures or go to sleep as before. The purpose of the foregoing is merely to inform the trade in general that I am feeling hurt.

The exception is the Curzon Cinema, whose management understands the art of offering a gentleman the kind of bribe a gentleman may accept. On the occasion of their recent film one was received with a grandiose courtesy befitting viceroys and maharajahs. The managerial smiles bespoke a wealth of red carpets and striped awnings. One was offered a glass of Tio Pèpè. Did one like it? One did. After which it was hoped that one would equally approve the new film of *Tio Pèpè le Moko*! Let me say that the early part of the film, *Pèpè le Moko*, seemed to be a trifle disconnected, possibly owing to the fact that I was called away to the telephone three times! When, however, I had satisfied all my editors (a) that I knew that there was going to be a Coronation and (b) that all my articles wanted for the next six weeks would be delivered to-morrow—when, as I say, I was allowed to give the film my undivided attention, it turned out to be a quite unimaginably brilliant piece of work. The film tells the story of one Pèpè le Moko, a French bandit who has taken refuge in the Casbah, or outlaws' quarter of Algiers. The plot is concerned with the efforts of the police to lure Pèpè down into the city where he can be arrested. What makes this film so good is not the plotting and counter-plotting, the double and treble crossing, as what happens when Levantine meets Levantine, both hoping to be taken for Greeks! We have seen



THE PRODUCERS OF "ELEPHANT BOY": ROBERT FLAHERTY AND ZOLTAN KORDA, AND ALSO SABU

Elephant Boy, from Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*, is a wonderful achievement in production with some quite amazing photographs. Two years of the production period were spent in India—in Mysore. Robert Flaherty was responsible for such films as *Man of Aran*, and Zoltan (brother of Alexander) Korda directed *Sanders of the River*, so they formed a tremendously strong combination

this sort of thing done before at Hollywood, and then just as well. Or perhaps not quite as well. There is a scene in which Pèpè's little protégé, Pierrot, comes back from the town shot through the stomach. He is given a revolver, supported by the armpits, and dragged along the floor so that he may shoot the scoundrel who has given him away. He dies before he can do this. Somebody else seizes the revolver, and points it at the cowering wretch who, as he collapses, jogs with his elbow and sets going a loud-jangling musical-box which continues to play and cannot be stopped, all through the execution and the closing of the dead boy's eyes. As a fusion of horrid sight and horrible sound this is an admirable bit of work.

What makes the film entirely remarkable is its extraordinarily skilful presentation of atmosphere. If high life in the Casbah is in any way like low life at Marseilles, I judge this film to be the real thing. It gives a wonderful picture of the boredom of a bandit whose days of triumph are over and who, with a lot of youth and vigour still in front of him, has nowhere to expend them. He has all the rest of his life before him and has nothing to do except lie about in the sunlight and enjoy the ministrations of some wretched native mistress. What Pèpè still hankers after is, of course, not only diamond necklaces but the women who wear them. The part is brilliantly acted by M. Jean Gabin, an actor who is a mixture of a sulky Carpenter and a smileless Chevalier. He must be immensely attractive to women, and it is said that in Paris when the picture is over the feminine half of the audience remains sitting with unseeing eyes gazing at vacancy!

After the showing we were invited to a delightful restaurant whose décor was that of the Côte d'Azur. Lovely food, beautiful wines, and an atmosphere and colouring wholly in tone with the film we had just left. At least, my heart leaped into my mouth when I heard the sound of a knife being sharpened and, turning round, saw a waiter with the Casbah gleam in his eye. When I recovered my self-possession I asked whether he did in fact come from Algiers. He replied, "No, sir, Hull!"

AT HAWTHORN HILL

The Household Brigade Meeting



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON (centre)
WITH CAPT. AND MRS. "BOB" LAYCOCK



MR. AND MRS. HENRY GARNETT
AND THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK



MRS. G. A. MURRAY SMITH
HAS A TALK TO MR. PYM



MR. J. D. WIGAN (left) AND
MR. T. MARSHAM-TOWNSHEND



MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR WITH
MR. L. CLIVE, GRENADIER GUARDS



MRS. LAMB WITH CAPTAIN IAN
TUBBS, COLDSTREAM GUARDS

The Household Brigade 'Chases at Hawthorn Hill rank high among military sporting fixtures, for this well-run meeting always provides good racing, to say nothing of the importance of the social side of the picture. The Duchess of Norfolk, one of the four Duchesses chosen to hold the cloth-of-gold canopy over the Queen's head during the Coronation anointing ceremony, wore an almost twin leopard-skin coat to that which adorned Mrs. Henry Garnett. The latter's husband is a brother officer, in the Blues, of Mr. G. A. Murray Smith and Captain "Bob" Laycock. Captain Laycock and his wife were going around with that extra popular personality, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, whose sister, Viscountess Coke, was also on view in the members' enclosure. Brig.-General John Wigan's son, Mr. J. D. Wigan, and Mr. T. Marsham-Townshend are ensigns in the Supplementary Reserve of the Coldstream and Scots Guards respectively. Miss Beatrice Grosvenor is the late Lord Edward Grosvenor's daughter. Mrs. Lamb, a sister of Sir Peter Denys, used to live in the North Riding



LADY ALLERTON, LADY MANTON' AND LORD ALLERTON AT THE PYTCHLEY 'CHASES

The Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Point, run at Great Brington last week, had had to be postponed from March 18 on account of the weather. There was still a spot or two of mud about when they did run it. Lady Manton is well known in Warwickshire and Leicestershire hunting worlds. Lord Allerton's seat, Ashdown, is at Shrivvenham in Berkshire

EXCEPTING for Kempton on Monday and the home meeting at the "Middlesex County Racing Club" on Saturday racing has been rather out of reach the rest of the week. The result was a good attendance on Saturday, but *both* the people who got positions on the antiquated stands, from which at least a small portion of the racing could be seen, said that it wasn't thrilling. I have on occasions ridden point-to-points in worse going, but not often. Every race except the two-year-old selling plate was won by almost a distance by some animal which had the knack of going through a quagmire. How Nicklette, the aforesaid plater, had learnt it is a mystery, as I read that he was broken and did most of his training on a heap of scrap iron in an old iron yard. To my astonishment he was bought in for 590 guineas, which seemed to a working man an absurd price for sentiment, but as the two under-bidders are both particularly shrewd judges perhaps I'm wrong. Anyway, the third, only a length or two away, was sold for 16 guineas by another shrewd judge not long ago, and the second, only run out of it in the last fifty yards, is no Blücher. The Smyth family farmed half the programme, each winning one of the first three races. One hates to bet in this going, and everyone says it isn't fit to race, nevertheless, first or second favourites won every race but one. Why is it that if one doesn't bet all one's selections turn up, and if one does they aren't on the horizon and one kicks oneself? Why, if one goes for the "pleedin' turtles" on a blowed-in-the-glass, hand-launders certainty it always comes unstuck, while a couple of quid thrown away for the sake of a conversation with one of the T.I.L. ladies comes up four times out of five? Only the other day I ran into an old friend, an ex-soldier, who had the next best thing to Midas, the knack of connecting with his "bancos." Not that it has left him in a position of such affluence that happiness and brightness will be brought into the lives of scores of relatives when his time comes to hand in his dinner pail. Not that he was

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

enabled to live a life of ease untroubled by financial worries, but when he *had* to have the stuff, when he had sat in on a high game of poker, a game at which any handicapper would have allowed a man of his card-calibre to start with threes and have six cards, then he was undefeatable. He would go for Mr. Fowne's entire emporium, generally on a long priced one, and it never came unbuttoned. The proceeds had at once to be thrown to the wolves, but his dreams were undisturbed by the creak of the treadmill for another month or so till the next crisis. As his soldiering is now only a memory (and in the war a gallant one), his last climb out is, perhaps, worthy of narration. The time for his final departure from India was at hand, and he and his racing partner were "out on their feet," but still retaining that vertical position which is the birthright of the sahib in a country where everything can be obtained on the "chit" system. Their only asset was a horse in training in Poona. The rest had been sold, leaving nothing but Mr. Ghoda Khan, a full-blown native soldier, who against all regulations had acted for some years for them in the capacity of "travelling head man," a small extra perquisite which they no doubt felt the Great White Raj owed them for spending so much of their time in a country devised by

Providence exclusively for the coloured races. Railway tickets have to be paid for in "ready," and it required some ingenuity to raise the single fare to Poona, where their astute trainer informed them that all was well and that the old horse (who, incidentally, had saved me from the river before leaving England) was fit and well and *would* win next day.



ALSO AT THE PYTCHLEY POINT-TO-POINT

Miss P. Spiller and Sir Keith and Lady Fraser after some of the battles. Miss Spiller rode Lady Fraser's candidate in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race, for which eleven ran, and Miss A. M. Everitt won on her own Cinders III by 20 lengths

I understand that most betting in India is done in ready, but how was the necessary to be raised? By dint of threats, cajoleries and promises, two thousand rupees (about £150) was raised off the "shroffs" at the very reasonable rate of 70 per cent., at least, reasonable when you consider the security to have been on a par with Pitcher's bankrupt, whose assets consisted of an unsound chesnut mare and a disputed bet with a welsher. Five to one they got for their money, and if you or



MISS HESKETH, A WINNER AT THE PENDLE FOREST HARRIERS' MEETING

A snapshot taken at that consoling moment after you have pipped the lot of them and are on the road back to the scales. Miss Hesketh rode the winner of the Ladies' Race, The Pendle Forest country is in Yorkshire and Lancashire

(Continued on p. xxii)

CAMERA ACTIVITIES AT THE WARWICK SPRING MEETING



CAPTAIN AND MRS. O. M. D. BELL



MR. FRED DARLING AND MRS. J. A. DEWAR



MR. AND MRS. M. HARTIGAN
AND MAJOR POWER



MRS. GERALD JOHNSON WITH COLONEL
THE HON. G. FOLJAMBE



LADY DOROTHY FRASER AND HER SON, SIR
KEITH FRASER, TALKING TO E. SMITH



MR. S. M. GREGOR AND MRS. R.
GUBBINS LOOK THEM OVER

Sunshine does not often favour the Warwick Spring Meeting, but this year the flat season opened there in perfect weather. Captain "Ossie" Bell, who married Sir George Beaumont's widow and trains at Lambourn, had several charges running, but did not saddle a winner. Among his many patrons are Lady Ludlow, Lord Glanely and Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen. Mr. J. A. Dewar's Abington, trained by Fred Darling, was one of the twenty-five three-year-olds concerned in the Castle Plate, won by Sir Abe Bailey's Lawreen. E. Smith had the mount on Colonel the Hon. Gerald Foljambe's Suffolk Punch in this event, and rode Shanghai Lil II. for Sir Keith Fraser in the preceding one—the Shorts Plate. Sir Keith Fraser's mother, Lady Dorothy Fraser, still continues to take an enormous interest in the racing game, about which, as a daughter of the ninth Earl of Coventry, she knows pretty well everything there is to know. Mrs. Gerald Johnson's husband, Major Johnson, is a very important person in racing circles, being a Handicapper under both codes. Martin Hartigan, who trains many good horses on the Wiltshire Downs, had one of his own running in the Warwick Spring Handicap



Basano

MISS ROSALIND CHRISTIE

The very attractive débutante daughter of Agatha Christie, author of best-selling thrillers. Miss Rosalind Christie shares a coming-out dance on May 10 with Miss Susan North. Her clever mother, who married Mr. Max Edgar Mallowan as her second husband in 1930, is American by birth

their prime. The younger generation care not two hoots for antiquity, and so "numbed" is becoming their sense of Beauty that a mass of horrible, cheap bungalows built in heaven itself, and an arterial road driven right across it, would, I am almost sure, leave them stone cold. Their ideas have become as mass-produced as they are themselves, and they revolt not at all against mass-production in any direction. They have got so used to it that they neither like nor dislike it. It has become a habit. So long as there is a road-house within hail, so long as the way is wide enough to race along, so long as they can get petrol, what seem they to care for sylvan beauty? Except, peradventure, as a place to "hike" over in masses of their fellow-men and women dressed all alike, with each mind working along the same lines of mental demarcation. The future is for the Young, and they fashion that future as they like. There is no widespread revolt against the spoliation of Beauty, natural or otherwise. A few voices cry out of the wilderness against such deeds, but what is their cry against the argument of something bigger, albeit uglier; against the ruin of some lovely stretch of country which, shamelessly, in its natural state, enforces motorists to drive warily when their only desire is to "lick" along? We must resign ourselves to a world over-built by houses exactly alike, as if they had been turned out of a machine; of first-class motoring roads in all directions, no matter where they lead; of clothes varying only by a button or a feather; and of character moulded entirely on newspapers, books, and the cinema.

Individualism to-day is merely the art of going one better, not of striking a new note. So life is freer, but infinitely duller. There is so little contrast either in people or things, and a generation which sees far too much of one another is a generation which naturally floats with any stream, without

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Five Very Different Men.

ALTHOUGH every sad exhibition of modern vandalism makes me spiritually sick, I am beginning to realise that this "sickness" is entirely my affair and the affair of just a handful of other people, mostly past

the respite anywhere of a quiet backwater. It may all be extremely commonplace, but it is "development" with or without a civilising progression. If men want to live in a purely mass-produced world, they will live in it. If you lose your individuality, lose your sense of beauty, despise poetry, true culture, the loveliness of man's natural inheritance, you will soon fail to miss them. Whatever the universal pattern may be, that pattern will create no revolt, and very soon you will get so used to it that you will not realise what you have lost. So degrees of ugliness will become degrees of beauty. After all, the ribbon-development around Oxford is not so appalling as the ribbon-development around Southend. Why, many of the new houses have got a garage, or space for same! The people who live in "Chez-nous" are even envied by the people who live in "Kom-u-in": for "Chez-nous" has got a bird-fountain in the front garden and thirteen coloured gnomes as well. So no wonder Mr. Shane Leslie calls his delightful book of "Studies in late Victorian Biography" "Men Were Different" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). They were indeed! Fifty years hence doubtless some other witty writer will give the world

biographies of Mr. Eden, Noel Coward, Max Baer, Sir Oswald Moseley, Greta Garbo, and they will be "different" again. But I wonder if they will all be quite so individualistic as Mr. Leslie's collection: Randolph Churchill, Augustus Hare, Arthur Dunn, George Wyndham and Wilfrid Blunt?

The world went slower in their day and people had time to tend their own individual "gardens" without a good publicity manager spelling half their fame. And as an exhibition of individual "gardens," these five subjects afford interest as well as entertainment. Randolph Churchill, jumping about the political world like a brilliant squib, no party knowing where he was going to "explode" next, how or when, but whose political prophecies have, many of them, been strangely fulfilled since; Augustus Hare, whose guide-books are still delightfully readable, whose "Memorials of a Quiet Life" are like so many vivid pages of the past, wherein the humour and the shrewdness still continue to scintillate ("He mingled the mild malignities of an old maid with the old-fashioned charities of that class"); Arthur Dunn, the greatest footballer of his age, who founded a school outside Cambridge, and whose name is well known at Eton ("Every year the Old Boys from Public Schools playing Association Football compete for the Arthur Dunn Cup"), even though Etonians can't remember who he really was; George Wyndham, who, after a brilliant political career, met political disaster and spent the rest of his life, not moaning or writing his Memoirs, but finding every hour of his private life full of interest in doing the things which he loved best to do; and lastly, Wilfrid Blunt, the *enfant*



LADY NEAVE

Whose book, "Remembering Kut," edited by John Brophy, is due for publication on April 26. Written to help the survivors of the Mesopotamian tragedy as well as in memory of those who perished, the book deals with the experiences of officers and men of the Sixth Division during the Siege of Kut, their march to Anatolia, and their years in captivity. Everyone should read this salute to heroism. It is dedicated to the late General Sir Charles Melliss, V.C., Sir Charles Townshend's second-in-command, who contributed some of the vast amount of information collected from officers and men by the author, Lady Neave, who is the wife of Colonel Sir Thomas Neave, meant to call her book "Lest We Forget," but the title has now been changed

terrible within the British Empire, who fought for the minority, simply because they were in the minority and therefore probably had justice on their side, and who was to be seen in his elderly age driving along the Sussex lanes dressed in Arab garb behind a team of Arab ponies. Each of these outstanding characters of a past age comes to life for a brief instant in Mr. Leslie's vivid miniature biographies. They are a well-chosen collection. Each one an individual, and yet so different in his individual way. "Men Were Different" is a delightfully interesting book from beginning to end.

Thoughts from "Men Were Different."

"The intuition of a rebel can be more valuable than the assent of a thousand party hacks."

"One man's dullness makes another's brilliance."

(Continued on page 58)

SALMON FISHING ON THE SUIR



LADY SUIRDALÉ AND MISS JEAN
COCHRANE, M.F.H.



MAJOR CLIFFE VIGORS WHO KILLED
A 22-POUNDER



MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY HARFORD ON
ONE OF THE BEATS



LORD LEWISHAM



THE HON. DAVID HELY-HUTCHISON



LORD SUIRDALÉ



Photos: Poole, Waterford
SIR HENRY McMAHON

It was truly a case of cold salmon when Lord and Lady Donoughmore had this fishing house-party at Knocklofty, Clonmel, for it was chilly as charity with a hailstorm or two thrown in to let people know that it was spring! So far, the fishing on the Suir has been good, but on this particular day, bar a 22-pounder Major Cliffe Vigors took out of the river, it was not so. All the kelts, of course, were returned to their element. Lady Suirdale, Lord and Lady Donoughmore's daughter-in-law, is seen sheltering at the fishing-hut with Miss Jean Cochrane, Joint-Master of the Tipperary with Mr. Perry and that famous rider, Mrs. Masters. Mrs. Anthony Harford, who is in the other picture at the top, is Lady Suirdale's sister, and they are kinswomen of Lord Hotham. Mr. Anthony Harford, who is a good dry-fly trout fisherman, was making his début with salmon. The Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson is Lord and Lady Donoughmore's younger son. Of the other pictures, Lord Lewisham is the only son of Lord Dartmouth, and Lt.-Col. Sir Henry McMahon has a very distinguished record of service in India, particularly with the Punjab Commission. and on many political missions all along the northern frontiers

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued).

"So true it is to say that a career rests on a stable nervous condition."

"Political resignation brings lifelong regret unless it is accompanied by an equal resignation in the soul."

"The British racing crowd is like the political. It will only cling to the popular winner."

"It is true that a sorehead seldom makes a good spearhead."

"A slight snobbery acts like a whiff of garlic in the Society salad."

These Also Were Different.

I agree with Mr. Milton Waldman's wife, to whom he dedicates his new book, "Biography of a Family" (Longmans; 16s.), "whose caprice it is that the important fact about history is that the people in it once actually lived." It is sometimes hard to believe. Especially in the case of such a family as Catherine de Medici and her children—the subjects of this clever study of a past age. Catherine, of course, was the Superb Matriarch. She demanded riches and power for herself, so that she could use both for the family's advancement. At last, she got so rich and so powerful that, instead of using them for the family alone, she used them for herself. Without power, at last she wilted. And certainly she had a family which needed such a mother. The French Court in those days lived by intrigue, and Catherine's children intrigued among themselves, so that there was no peace anywhere. She boasted that one day each of them would sit on a throne, and this came to pass—only in such a way as she herself could never have conceived. And all through this story of an extraordinary woman and her vaulting ambitions there runs the tragedy of civil war, of war between Catholic and Huguenot which culminated in the ghastly massacre of St. Bartholomew, of war between France and her enemies. Any excuse, indeed, for a war somewhere and somehow. And yet the strangest figure of all—sitting, so to speak, in the background of the drama, yet secretly manoeuvring much of its slaughter for her own ends—is Margot, the most beautiful of all Catherine's children. A haunting, sinister figure, who, nevertheless, came out more fortunately than all of them in the end. Catherine herself is an ogre, but an ogre which, so to speak, did not hide behind a curtain. "How shall a flood or an earthquake," Mr. Waldman asks, "feel pity or guilt for what it destroys? To her last day Catherine will contend that she only meant to get rid of five or six persons who richly wanted getting rid of. Those five or six, she considers, were merely inferior players in the game for whose winning they as well as she had to be prepared to lie, scheme, kill if necessary. . . . The ten thousand remaining victims expired, so far as she was concerned, of a mere slip of the



MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT

After five years, one of France's greatest comedienne returns to us to-night, when she gives a recital at the Grotian Hall. Though no longer the thin, frail girl, all arms and legs, the magic fire of Yvette Guilbert's genius is unquenched. The above picture is a photograph of a portrait by the well-known artist André Davids



MRS. MARK PILKINGTON ARRAYED FOR THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL

Mrs. Mark Pilkington in the costume of the Princess Katherine of France, wife of Henry V. of England, in which she will appear at this ball on May 13 at the Albert Hall. It is organised to help to provide a National Theatre. Their Majesties have reserved the Royal Box for their Coronation guests

imagination." Such was her reasoning after the blood-feast of St. Bartholomew's. It is an extraordinary page in human history, vividly, dramatically, yet authentically told. As fiction you simply wouldn't believe it. It is because these things really happened, it is because these people actually lived, that this study of Catherine de Medici and her children is so exciting to read, so haunting to remember. After all, there is no drama so enthralling, so engrossing, or so moving as history recounted in the right way. And this, so far as I am concerned, is the way in which Mr. Waldman re-tells it. His "Biography of a Family" is a most admirable work.

Love in Greece.

There is a certain charm about Mr. Henry Dickson's novel, "One Man's Holiday" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), but it is not exactly a story, nor is it exactly a guide-book, but a happy mixture of both. One feels the author wanted to write a book about Greece, but, not being sufficiently well-informed about the country, decided to weave what he did know into a romance. Like so many novels which deal with the results of such an inspiration, the hero, after six years of drudgery in an accountant's office, suddenly defies Fate by cutting adrift and fulfilling his dream of going to Greece on a cargo-boat.

The Destiny which often watches so somnolently over people in offices is usually apt to be too indifferent to help them to realise such things as "dreams," so it is as well to wake her up a bit occasionally, before she has got you relentlessly domesticated and stuck fast to the season-ticket. Henry Dickson woke her up by deciding to go to Greece, so she got busy and, on the night previous to departure, brought him into passing contact with a charming foreign girl in a London theatre. And she got busier still when he got to Greece, because who should he meet on arrival but the lovely foreigner he had met in the theatre for a few memorable moments! And not only did he meet her again, but he met her English friends, the Thorburns. Together they set out to see the "sights." So that it really didn't need much of Mrs. Thorburn's match-making watchfulness to make Henry and Marietta fall in love with each other. They did, and the lovely scenery they passed through helped on their love-making. The guide-book part of the story is excellent. Mr. Dickson can describe scenery admirably; but, cleverer still, can give you small doses of purely guide-book information without raising suspicion that he is doing so. It all fits in perfectly with a charming romance and an introduction to a number of very pleasant people. If only more authors who take a holiday and yearn to write a book all about it would cast their efforts in such a happy mould of fiction and information as the author of "One Man's Holiday" has done!

CANNES GALA



MAJOR KEITH TREVOR AND MME. MANNHEIM

MRS. NINA LEVERTON SAT NEXT
TO MR. JACK HEATON

MR. ZOGRAPHOS AND MRS. CARTWRIGHT

SIR FRANCIS PEEK AND HIS HOSTESS,
LADY KEMSLEY, LOOKING WELL IN WHITELORD KEMSLEY WITH LADY PEEK,
ONE OF HIS GUESTSMLLE. JANE MARNAC, BRIGHT
LIGHT OF THE PARIS STAGEBOBSLEIGH EXPERTS: MR. FREDDY McEVoy
AND MISS BETTY HARBORD

Cannes just now is at the peak of its winter season and the gala spirit is practically continuous. When the camera got busy at the Ambassadeurs Major Keith Trevor had contributed a contingent of guests from Monte Carlo, one of them being Mme. Mannheim, whose husband, the international banker, is said to be a proper Cæsus. Major Trevor, who never appears to get any older, is married to that brilliant French actress, Jane Marnac. Lady Juliet Duff was his first wife. Mrs. Nina Leverton, ex-Nina Pearson, American stage beauty, had a ravishing new frock, and Mr. Jack Heaton as dinner partner. The latter, who now lives in London, is one of the Heaton brothers, who have broken many Cresta records and won several Olympic medals for the U.S.A. Mrs. Charles Cartwright, oil heiress, granddaughter of Rockefeller's original partner, Henry Rogers, sat next to a very interesting personality in Mr. Zographos. He is the great gambler who has held the bank for the Greek Syndicate against the world's most daring punters. Young Sir Francis Peek and his mother, Lady Peek, dined with Lord and Lady Kemsley. Among his many activities the former Sir Gomer Berry is Chairman of the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, in aid of which a huge Coronation Ball is to be given at the Albert Hall on April 21. Miss Betty Harbord, from Yorkshire, and Mr. Freddy McEvoy have at least one sport in common—namely, bobsleighing. She is pretty expert herself, and he won both the boblet and bobsleigh events in the World Championships last February—an almost unheard-of feat

A HANDSOME RUSSIAN EXILE:
PRINCE YOUKA TROUBETZKOY



THE PREMIER OF QUEENSLAND AT ADDINGTON

The Hon. W. Forgan Smith is Premier of a State six times the size of Great Britain. Queensland is interested in sugar, and with the Sugar Conference and the Imperial Conference, his visit will be no holiday. Mr. L. H. Pike, Queensland's Agent-General, is well qualified to assist him, since he has been Secretary to several State Premiers.

(L. to r.) Mr. L. H. Pike, Dr. Chatworthy, the Hon. W. Forgan Smith, Mr. F. Sheed and Mr. A. Thompson

THE Halford-Hewitt tournament begins at Deal in two days' time. Year by year new entries come in, and the committee escapes by an ever-decreasing margin the invidious task either of limiting the entries or defining the words "public school." A good many of the teams that usually occupy the headlines over this week-end have been compelled, for one reason or another, to find new players, among them the Old Carthusians, who have won the tournament with the same side for the past three years. In their top foursome, L. Burdon Sanderson, who is shooting lions in Africa, will be replaced by C. V. L. Hooman, who has emerged from comparative retirement, to play, they say, as well as ever. He was a member of the Walker Cup teams of 1922 and 1923. P. H. F. White will also be missing, claimed by his duties as a school-master at Harrow, and his place will be taken by G. M. Adams.

A school that must surely win this tournament, if not this year, then in the near future, is Stowe. Already they have five of this year's Cambridge University team, together with Stanley Anderson, joint-winner of the Sunningdale Foursomes last week. Henderson and Dai Rees more than deserved their victory. Both are inspired with an infectious enthusiasm that is an invaluable asset in a foursome—though the cynic might suggest that an even more invaluable asset was the fact that Rees, being technically an assistant, played from scratch, while his fellow-professionals, whose match-play champion he is, had to concede two strokes. Still, be that as it may, they won on their merits.

The course at Sunningdale was in delightful order—though personally I always think that they could improve it by at least fifty per cent. by halving the size of their gigantic greens—but one could not help noticing how extremely short it is becoming. Not, of course, that the holes have shrunk: it is simply that people hit the ball so much farther. Holes that were laid out for a drive and a fine long iron, have come down to a drive and a standardised dunch with a No. 6—a pathetic spectacle to anyone who appreciates the elementary principles of golf architecture. Still, nobody seems to mind, so I suppose we shall go on letting the ball "improve" until a quarter of a mile becomes the length of an orthodox drive.

I watched some of the play in the company of Mrs. Bourn, mother of Dale Bourn and John Morrison, herself a notable

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

player in her day. "They may hit the ball farther," she said, "but they can't play the short game as well as we did. Why, May Hezlet could put the ball dead from anywhere—these people think they are doing well if they get down in a chip and a putt."

Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp made a gallant struggle to emulate Miss Joyce Wethered's feat of the past two years in carrying my colleague, John Morrison, to victory, but they were beaten on the second day, much to the disgust of Morrison's caddie, Jim. The latter is eighty-two, and sports a flowing, patriarchal grey beard. Having been a regular caddie at the club since it started in 1900, he has now retired from the active list, but emerges for special occasions. In this tournament he bore an unaccustomed air of spruceness, which enquiry revealed to be due to the fact that he had had his beard trimmed by the greenkeeper!

The sternest critic of the English Golf Union could scarcely deny that they have performed a useful function in approaching clubs to extend the courtesy of their courses to Empire overseas visitors during May. Of about 1000 affiliated clubs, 250 have at the moment signified their willingness to co-operate. In the vast majority of cases the clubs have thrown open their course, without restriction, on every day of the week; others have offered a "five-day" membership. The list already makes impressive reading, and includes such clubs as Westward Ho!, Hoylake, Saunton, Deal, Ashdown Forest, West Sussex, Formby, together with nearly every celebrated club in the London area. It is hoped that the



"MEL" GETS IT ALL BACK!
A CARICATURE BY TOM
PURVIS OF J. B. MELHUISE
"Mel's" clever caricatures are a permanent feature of "The Tatler," and he has given to many the "gift" to see ooselfs as others see us." At a recent dinner Tom Purvis turned the tables on our artist in this portrait



ENGLAND'S OLDEST CADDIE: "JIM"
OF SUNNINGDALE

Jim joined Sunningdale as a regular caddie when it was first opened at the beginning of this century and is still in active service and great demand for special occasions. He formerly had a flowing beard, but this was recently "seen to" by the greenkeeper

response will be 100 per cent. unanimous, so those clubs whose names are not already on the list, should remedy the omission forthwith. April 30 is the latest date at which Major Lavarach can issue the completed list to High Commissioners and Agents-General for the Dominions and Colonies.

RUGGER REVELRY



SAUSAGE AND MASH AT RICHMOND—BY "MEL"

The Richmond Rugby Football Club held their annual Sausage and Mash Dinner at the Athletic Ground at Richmond recently and about 250 members and guests, including ladies, turned up. Subsequently they danced (which is quite a good thing to do after s. and m.!). There were many Internationals at this function—one of the most enjoyable of the Rugby year. The names of "Mel's" victims (he himself is impaled by Tom Purvis on another page, are: L. to r., top: C. H. Gadney, the International referee; R. L. Culley, Richmond Extra A XV.; M. Peacock, old Oxford Blue; R. H. O'Brien, Hon. Sec.; C. D. Laborde, Cambridge Captain 1936; Emile de Lissa, Sec., Richmond Athletic Association and President of the Barbarians; and Frank Mennim. Below: E. A. Styles; A. R. Cormack, Hon. Treasurer; J. Megan, Irish International 1934; P. Cranmer, English International; A. S. Roncoroni, English International 1931 and 1932; C. Hopwood, Captain Richmond 1933-5, and Harry Millett, who captained Richmond when they beat every London Club and both Universities

AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT



ALL WINNERS! CAPTAIN AND MRS. FERRIS ST. GEORGE,
MAJOR THE HON. ERIC LONG AND MR. C. FULLER



MISS LOCKETT

STEEPLECHASES



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY
AND CAPTAIN W. G. CARR



LUNCH-TIME! (L. TO R.) LADY WESTMORLAND, HER DAUGHTER, MISS
JUNE CAPEL, NURSE PAIN, MISS ANN CAPEL AND THE HON. ROBERT CECIL



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT
AND MR. PERCY DAW

Photos: W. Dennis Moss

All went well at the Beaufort Hunt 'Chases at Alderton, bar one thing—the fall of his Majesty's Marconi in the main event, the Open Qualifying Handicap 'Chase, for which many fancied him. Captain W. Carr, who is seen handing Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby the latest information before going out to ride his own Mighty Like in the Ladies' Plate, also was a casualty, but not hurt. He is a 12th Lancer by trade. Captain and Mrs. Ferris St. George (Life Guards), Major the Hon. Eric Long, who is Lord Long's uncle and heir-presumptive, and Mr. C. Fuller had obviously been finding them. Their Graces of Beaufort are always to the fore to help things along on occasions like this, and are seen in friendly converse with Mr. Percy Daw. Lady Westmorland, who is as popular with everyone as her husband, had her two daughters by her marriage to the late Captain Arthur Capel, and at the same luncheon-party was the Hon. Robert Cecil, who is Lord Rockley's son and heir. Little Miss Lockett, who is in one of the top pictures, is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Vivian Lockett, he being the famous ex-International and 17th Lancer polo virtuoso and present secretary of the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club



LADY RACHEL DOUGLAS-HOME

Yexonde, Berkeley Square

Lady Rachel Douglas-Home's wedding to Captain Lord William Scott, M.P., is fixed to take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 27. The bridegroom-elect is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch and, like one of his uncles, Lord George Scott, was formerly a 10th Hussar. Another uncle, Lord Francis Scott, whose more or less permanent domicile is in Kenya, will probably be home with his wife, the former Lady Eileen Elliot, in time for the wedding. Lady Rachel Douglas-Home is the younger of Lord and Lady Home's two daughters, and as one of her father's seats is in Berwickshire, there is a strong Border influence about the union. The Hon. William Douglas-Home, who is a brother of Lady Rachel, is the author of the Oxford Group Movement play, "Great Possessions," which is still running at the Duke of York's Theatre



1st AND 2nd IN THE MEMBERS' RACE: MR. P. E. CARR ON CINDERELLA AND MR. MICHAEL HORNE ON SOLOMON

THE SUFFOLK POINT- TO- POINT RACES



MRS. SUTHERLAND TALKING TO
LT.-COLONEL ROYCE-TOMKIN



MRS. QUILTER AND COLONEL
E. H. HAM BRO, THE MASTER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. G. L. MARRIOTT AND (RIGHT)
MR. T. F. M. THACKERAY STEPPING OUT

The Suffolk Hunt, of which that exceedingly popular personality Colonel E. H. Hambro has been Master for fourteen seasons, held their Point-to-Point meeting near Bury St. Edmunds on the Saturday after Easter. The weather was fine and the number of runners very satisfactory. There was a field of twelve for the opening event, the Members' Race. This was a gruelling cross-country affair, starting from a point five miles away and finishing on the course proper. Cinderella, well ridden by her owner, Mr. P. E. Carr, won it by two lengths from Miss A. Parry-Cooke's Solomon (Mr. Michael Horne), with Mr. J. Ward-Harrison's Cherish (owner) a good third



COLONEL AND MRS. COCKBURN
WITH COLONEL LAYARD



MR. R. G. GURNEY AND MISS GURNEY

Local and not-so-local lights were well in evidence at the Suffolk Point-to-Point. Lt.-Colonel Royce-Tomkin, who is Joint Hon. Hunt Secretary with Major T. Wilson, was not allowed to escape the camera; neither was Captain C. G. L. Marriott, Master and Huntsman of the Essex and Suffolk (Essex Side). Captain Marriott is seen talking to Mr. T. F. M. Thackeray, who hunts the Norwich Stagbonds for Miss Sybil Harker. Eastern Command and 27th Field Brigade, R.A., races figured on the card, so several soldiers were to be seen at this very entertaining meeting

THE NEW FOREST TAKE THE FLOOR



LORD NORMANTON AND MRS. PALMER
AT THE MORANT HALL



LADY ISABEL WODEHOUSE AND SIR GEORGE
MEYRICK, THE MASTER



CAPTAIN BRYAN WOLFE AND MRS. MALCOLM
VAUGHAN



MR. HENRY HOWARD AND LADY
CONGLETON



FACING UP TO IT BRAVELY: LADY EDEN
AND SIR STANLEY AND LADY FORD



CAPTAIN GEORGE LENNOX-BOYD
AND LADY MEYRICK



MR. EDWARD SHACKLETON AND
MRS. GEORGE WITHERBY



MR. AND MRS. MORLEY
—WAIT FOR IT!

The injunction imparted to foxhunters by one of their greatest preceptors concerning ball-dancing does not matter much at this stage of the proceedings, as it is almost all over, including the shouting. All the people who met the New Forest Master and Lady Meyrick at the Morant Hall, Brockenhurst, seem to have managed to enjoy themselves, in spite of the blinking eye of the camera. The Master is with Lord Kimberley's sister and Lady Meyrick is seen with Captain George Lennox-Boyd, whose family is Hampshire. Lord Normanton, who is with Mrs. Palmer, was once a Cornet in the Blues. His seat is at Ringwood. Lady Congleton is the mother of the present peer, who is only eleven. She is a sister of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Visiting M.F.H.s who shed the light of their countenances on this ball were Sir John Buchanan-Jardine (Dumfries) and Mr. A. W. H. Dalgety (Southdown)

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT



SHREW AND TAMER, WITH HUMAN HORSE: EDITH EVANS,
LESLIE BANKS AND MARK DALY, PLUS J. SPROLL AND
RICHARD BEAMISH

The Shrew, with Variations

IT is on record that in the year 1920 a headmistress barred *The Taming of the Shrew* from her girls' seminary in New Hampshire, because it gave the young an improper idea of man's relation to woman. (This followed the barring of

The Merchant of Venice by two Boards of American Education because of alleged slander of the Jews through Shylock, and thereafter of *Macbeth*, on the principle that if the Jewish gabardine was to be cleansed by educationalists, the stain should likewise be removed from the Scottish kilt.) There was patent absurdity but little loss in thus depriving female students of a Shakespearean he-man, when a hundred well-known comedies showed the triumph of the she-woman (from *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by way of *She Stoops to Conquer*, to *What Every Woman Knows* and nearly every play adorned in London by Miss Marie Tempest or in New York by Miss Helen Hayes). If *The Shrew* be wholly or largely by Shakespeare, it is Shakespeare well below his best. It has but one passage of finely composed speech. Its main appeal comes from the manner with which the leading actor and actress, and especially a clever producer, can handle the comedy in its sex-war.

The producer has the right to contrive drastic liberties with a play which has so many loose ends and sub-plots, and which is itself a mass of contrivance. Mr. Claud Gurney, who produced the coloured version at the New Theatre, seems to have considered thus: "Here are Edith Evans, who should be as fine a Shrew as any within memory; Leslie Banks, whose virility should redress a shortage in Petruchio's inches; Doris Zinkeisen, to dress the thing in frills and pleasant flourishes; and myself, who am not afraid to tamper with minor Shakespearean writ. And here is Coronation, which demands junketing. Let us aim not to impress but to amuse the customers." So he opens with a Christopher Sly whose spiritual home, under the influence of Arthur Sinclair's solemn brogue, is a Dublin alehouse rather than a Paduan wineshop; places the hairy ruffian in a revolving



SUITOR: ALEC CLUNES



RIVAL SUITOR:
RONALD SIMPSON



SISTER BIANCA, CHRISTOPHER SLY:
ELSPETH DUXBURY, ARTHUR SINCLAIR

bed which can also serve to introduce a bedroom-scene for Kate; guts the early scenes for Bianca's suitors of much of their tedium; emphasises the insults, face-slapping and farcical cajolery in Petruchio's wooing of Kate;



GREMIO, WITH GIRTH BY FREDERICK LLOYD

sets Petruchio to cracking a twelve-foot whip when he orders Kate from her father's house; otherwise broadens the horse-play at this point, including play with a human horse that dances one of pantomime's fandangoes; causes Petruchio's servants to play rugger by passing along their line of forwards a joint of mutton cast into the scrum by their master; introduces, among other dances, a ballet of bed-clothes in which Kate is haunted, teased and bereft of all covering but a shift; kicks Shakespeare's Pedant completely out of the play and substitutes a Pirandellian adventure for Christopher Sly, whereby Arthur Sinclair wanders from his spectator's bed to act the bogus father and get resonantly drunk; calms the chattering pace to a tempo proper for eloquent delivery by Edith Evans of Kate's advice on Duty to Husbands; and restores the sound and fury for an added scene and Epilogue in which Shakespeare, at any rate, had no hand. Mr. Gurney, that is to say, introduces at the end an episode in which Sly, restored to his tinker's rags, is flung down to wake up and wonder outside the alehouse—an episode which he has borrowed from the Elizabethan but non-Shakespearean farrago of farce called *The Taming of A Shrew*, which had much the same framework as *The Shrew*. Finally, he tacks on a few lines of Epilogue which seem to have been borrowed from another source (they are equal to anything in *A Shrew* and no better but no worse than nineteenth-century lines in *The Shrew*).

The sum total of this and the rest is a good time for many, though not for those who demand their Shakespeare according to the traditions and stage directions that were imposed in the nineteenth century. It is a bit of a burlesque, and the livelier for that; but the slap-stick is so ordered that it seldom bears upon the opportunity for Miss Evans to rant like a gawk possessed of a devil and then to coo like a second-class angel lecturing on harmony. Mr. Banks plays the mock-madman with rough pungency and makes Petruchio preen himself with a minimum of unction. With two exceptions, the other rôles of consequence are well cast, with special reference to Mark Daly, George Howe, Anthony Ireland, Frederick Lloyd, Alec Clunes, and young Eric Wynn Owen, whose page is pert and mercurial. The Horse, for which J. Sproll provides one hump and Richard Beamish the other, has dignity in the face and arched neck, impudence in the hind quarters, delicacy in the tread, and a quizzical daintiness in its musical measures. Miss Zinkeisen's *décor*, like her costumes, has wit in the line and opulence in the abundant colour; although, if I were a Lord in Padua, I should hate to see that excessively grandiose bed each night.



COSTUME BY DORIS ZINKEISEN,
CONTOUR BY ANTHONY IRELAND



OLD GENTLEMAN OF PADUA: GEORGE HOWE

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER.—Please bear witness to my most solemn vow: never, never, never again will I go to hear my Shakespeare butchered to make a Latin Quarter holiday! I drag in the Latin Quarter because it is at the Odéon, in that part of Paris where all good, bad and indifferent students congregate, that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has just been produced with great blaring of trumpets (by those concerned), so that the whole world (theatre-going world) hoped great things of the production. I know, of course, that no producer (however erudite), no costumier (however Russian), no stage manager (however willing), no, in short, "no-nuffing," will ever be able to materialise the enchantment that our imagination conjures up when we think of this loveliest of all faerie plays. But one always hopes for a miracle, and failing a miracle, one is grateful for an honest, simple rendering of the magic lines that create the beauty we dream of. When those lines are spoken in French, what remains? One's ears are as disillusioned as one's eyes. Never again, therefore, will I listen to a translation, for, no matter how good it is—and M. Louis Piachaud has been careful, reverent, and quite uninspired!—it can be but a soulless, lifeless thing at the best. So long as I live in France (and this, I hope, will be always) I shall do my own producing, and the setting will be the halo cast by a reading-lamp, my old copy of Shakespeare, the lights and shadows of the dancing flames and the night sounds of spring stirring in a town garden outside my windows!

But if I spent a most uncomfortable evening at the theatre listening to a beautiful Titania who would have been infinitely more lovely if she had been dumb, I found compensation a few days later, for I discovered just such another bank of wild thyme as Shakespeare might have dreamed on. Miss Chrysler, Master Jock the Skye, Mrs. A. Friend (who also has a Skye) and I were heading for the South. . . . It was the second day's going and we had left the murky greyness of the very grandiose but very dull town that is Lyons far behind us. The dogs wanted a run. Miss Chrysler wanted me to tighten a nut that was causing a teeny-wee rattle and we wanted to stretch our legs. There was a tiny lane leading away from the high road known as the "Nationale 7"—that has a surface like a billiard-table—through what seemed to be little more than a gap in the hedge. It was a narrow, winding, pebbly lane that was really far more like the bed of a dried-up stream than a path, and it led downwards under an archway of trees that were just beginning to unfurl pale and tender green leaves. Suddenly we found ourselves in a little clearing, so warm and sweet-smelling that it must have been the happy *rendez-vous* of the ghosts of all the springs that have ever existed since the world began.

There was the lovely scent of wild thyme and of wet violets. . . . and there indeed, at our feet, were clumps of violets and brush-like, hedgehoggy little bushes of thyme. Here, too, were primroses—the mauvey-pink kind—and cowslips, and there were beautiful magenta-coloured flowers that I have never seen before, the tiniest bit like cowslips, only their cups pointed upwards and their stalks and sepals were dark brown. In the midst of the clearing there was a building that proved to be the smallest chapel I have ever seen. It was made of rough stone not any bigger than a cabman's shelter—and rather that shape—and the only reason why one knew it was a kirk of sorts was because of the little iron cross that surmounted the peaked roof and the tiny bell that could be actioned by a rusty wire—not a chain or a rope, Très Cher, but merely a "bit of



PAULA ILLERY

The beautiful Rumanian who made her film name in René Clair's "Quatorze Juillet" and "Sous les toits de Paris." Paula Illery is now seeking fame further afield, and has gone to India to star in "Le Tombeau Hindou" which is being made by Tobis-Films



Manasse

"THE GIRL WHO CAN'T SIT DOWN"

This is Helga Hort as she appears in the name part of Vienna's latest and most spectacular revue. As Mlle. Hort's suits are composed solely of cellophane, it seems that the producer of "The Girl Who Can't Sit Down" was a stickler for the truth

homeward journey I shall try to find that magic lane and wild thyme bank again, otherwise I shall come to the conclusion that I must have dreamed it all.

What I did not dream, by the way, was the short, sharp passage that occurred between Self and a Smart Young Thing later in the day at the very excellent Dominion Hotel at Avignon. S.Y.T. looked at my handsome young Skye with a knowing air and remarked: "Is that what you'd call a Kerry Blue?" To which I tersely replied: "No—I wouldn't!" The minx! Love, Très Cher,—PRISCILLA.

AT LONGCHAMP



PAYING PARIS A SHORT VISIT: SIR GIFFORD AND THE HON. LADY FOX



LADY JERSEY WATCHING THE RACING FROM A BOX



MR. GEORGE BATCHELOR (RIGHT) AND MAJOR DUDLEY GILROY



MRS. RAY ATHERTON AND MR. "TED" ESMOND MEET A MUTUAL FRIEND



PRINCESSE AMÉDÉE DE BROGLIE AND COMTESSE G. DE LA ROCHEFFOUCAULD



THE DOWAGER LADY SMILEY WITH SIR HUGH AND LADY SMILEY

Longchamp's racing season for 1937 recently opened in a blaze of sunshine. As usual, its significance was not solely concerned with racing, fashion having a habit of giving important advance information at this particular meeting. Evidently, bangkok straw is returning to favour, for Lady Jersey's hat was made of it; she was all in dark blue and looked very agreeable. The Hon. Lady Fox was also a pleasant sight. She and her husband, who is Member for Henley, left Paris for home and duty directly after racing, travelling by the Calais-Dunkirk night ferry. Mr. George Batchelor, who trains the famous Hennessy stable, exchanged news at Longchamp with Major Dudley Gilroy who had charge of Mr. "King" Macomber's horses for many years. Mr. Esmond had a runner at the meeting, and the Dowager Lady Smiley, her son and pretty daughter-in-law, all backed a long-priced winner. The Princesse Amédée de Broglie should know a good deal about racing, as her mother, the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, is France's Number One woman owner. The Comtesse Gaston de la Rocheffoucauld is on the Welcome Committee for the Paris Exhibition. Mrs. Ray Atherton, whose husband is at the U.S. Embassy in London, used to play a lot of competitive golf as Miss Maud Hunnewell.



AT THE HARRY PRESTON MEMORIAL FUND CONCERT IN BRIGHTON
SOME FAMOUS FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF SPORT WHO WERE THERE

The concert at the Brighton Hippodrome last week was organised in aid of the new wing to the Royal Sussex County Hospital, for which the late Sir Harry Preston did so much and which is to cost £50,000. It is a very fitting memorial to that large-hearted little sportsman. Celebrities in all branches of sport and many representatives of the stage congregated, and in the above picture are a few of them. The names are, left to right (standing): Jack Harding, Buddy and Max Baer, who broke his training for his fight with Farr to attend, Ted Ray, the former golf champion, Melbourne Inman, the billiards king, Tommy Farr (the British H.-W. Champion), and Ted Broadribb, also very famous in the boxing world; (seated) Jim Mollison (of the air), Dan Sullivan, Tom Webster, the famous caricaturist, Mrs. Beryl Markham, of Atlantic flying fame, Peter Sarron, the feather-weight boxing champion, Steve Donoghue, rider of three Derby winners, Jimmy Wilde, that great little fighter, and Alex James, the great Soccer specialist



AT THE MEYNELL POINT-TO-POINT:
CAPTAIN G. REID-WALKER AND LADY
BRIDGET KING-TENISON



MR. LUKE LILLINGSTON ON HIS
WINNER, REBEL SOLDIER



Photos: Howard Barrett
COLONEL LEONARD HARDY, MRS. JOHNSON
AND MR. R. K. KNOWLES (CLERK OF THE
COURSE)

The Meynell, of which pack Captain Maurice Kingscote and Sir Ian Walker are the incoming Masters, made a big success of their point-to-point which they ran at Ednaston, which is not far from Derby. The hard-riding ex-Master of the Atherstone, Mr. Luke Lillingston, was one of those who swept down on the Meynell fold. He collected the Adjacent Hunts Race on his well-known performer, Rebel Soldier. Colonel Leonard Hardy, who is seen looking on, is a very well-known Meynell personality and used to command the Life Guards, and Mr. Knowles, who is in the same group, was clerk of the course and the scales. Lady Bridget King-Tenison is Lord and Lady Kingston's younger daughter



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LOSH SAKES! CAN YE BEAT YON!



THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

By C. AMBLER

The Scot's mind has an enquiring, metaphysical turn, which may account for the absorption of this young feller in the transmutation of one of those Easter eggs into the makings of a warrantable, chaseable fowl. For, no matter whether the hen came before the egg or the egg before the hen, it is anything you like to an old hat that a Scots terrier pup will come after that estimable but long-suffering bird at any and every favourable opportunity! They were absolutely made to be chased, in the eyes of any self-respecting pup; they squawk so engagingly and their feathers come out in lovely fluffy mouthfuls. And to think that a real live bit of fun like that could emerge from a dull and unresponsive egg! Hech, mon! It's juist marrvellous!



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, YORKSHIRE,

By GYRTH I

Robin Hood's Bay, of which the artist presents us with such a very attractive picture, links up with a not uninteresting incident in the history of a Norman King who was not exactly the most popular of his line, for John was wrecked there and so nearly lost his life that he gave his rescuers a quite tangible reward, a thing which it was not that monarch's wont to do as a general rule. The Dalesmen of Staintondale, hunting men every mother's son of them, saved John from a watery grave, and he thought it so kind of them that he gave them a Royal Charter for all time to "hunte" divers animals in the chases and "warennes" of that part of the



FAMOUS IN NORMAN HISTORY

RUSSELL

East Ridg. He also gave to all the Staintondale farmers a free pass through all the toll-bars in England, and these being very numerous in those times and adding to the expense of travelling, it was probably better appreciated than the permission to hunt the fox, the "harte," the hare and such other beasts of venery as may have been popular at that moment. Locally, those who have never managed to overcome their dislike of King John have ascribed this grant of a charter and the other "easements" to King Stephen, but actually it was the King who was so universally disliked who was shipwrecked, and so probably the rest of the story is true



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THE BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN

By "SNAFFLES"

From the deck of a steamer the general impression to the voyageur of life upon this colossal heap of lava ash is one of intense heat and boredom. And no doubt it was a semi-penal station years ago. But nowadays, thanks to modern hygiene and inventions, it possesses many of Brighton's amenities minus the latter's crowds, and plus a maximum rainfall of one inch per triennium. There is sailing nine months of the year, and some bright lad introduced pig wire and fenced off Goldmohor Bay from the sharks, and so now there is now a Lido all the year round. The one flat piece of ground is so laid out that all the ball games can be indulged in, from polo to tennis, and with "flicks" in the evening and drinks off the "fridge," many people have almost got to like Aden, and a pipe-major once composed a tune about her barren rocks

TOASTS OF THE TOWN

♦ GEORGINA 1832 ♦



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SOME CINEMA SNAPSHOTS



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN READY FOR A SWIM



A HANDY SORT OF PET: CLARK GABLE AND A YOUNG COUGAR



Hyman Fink

NIGEL BRUCE, ELIZABETH ALLAN AND LORD TENNYSON
AT THE TROCADERO



Hyman Fink

SHIRLEY AND THE COP: THE STARLET WITH THE
CHIEF OF POLICE OF LOS ANGELES

Maureen O'Sullivan was ready for a dip when the picture was taken and she was due for a rest after completing "A Day at the Races" with the Marx Brothers for M.-G.-M. A cougar is an animal which can scratch at both ends and would bite ditto if it had suitably placed teeth. Clark Gable roped this one in Arizona and proposes to make a pet of it—very nice, but tortoisés are so much more matey! Elizabeth Allan left for England soon after this Trocadero party: she has just finished work on "Slave Ship" for 20th-Century Fox. Shirley Temple is seen making friends with the large-sized and important policeman who is in charge of law and order in Los Angeles and Hollywood—a very valuable ally to acquire!

Pictures in the Fire



Poole, Dublin

AT THE LIFEBOAT BALL IN DUBLIN

The annual Lifeboat Ball in Dublin was held at the Gresham Hotel; it has a great reputation as a very cheerful function. Taking the picture from left to right, Mr. Barry Lillis is a son of the late Mr. Frank Lillis, the well-known polo-player; the Hon. Patricia French is to be presented by her mother, Lady de Freyne, this year; Miss Ainsworth is a daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, and Mr. Baggallay, son of a hard-riding mother, piloted two winners in the recent Meath Point-to-Point meeting

AVIVID item of advance news has been given us concerning a "flicker" which is approaching completion, and this is what it says about the artist who is producing—
"He is working to-day on an interesting set showing the Mess of the 23rd Prince's Own Hussars. Clive Brook as Major George Daviot is playing bridge, while Arthur Margetson is also in this scene, and a crowd of officers fill the card-room, bar and smoking-room."



Mackay

THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE AND LADY ISOBEL BLUNT-MACKENZIE

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie was on the eve of her departure for Africa when this photograph was taken of her and her mother at their home at Kildary, Ross-shire

It is to be hoped they they will not omit to include the bottle and jug department, the skittle-alley and the darts parlour, because if they do I fear they may seriously affront the 23rd Prince's Own Hussars, who are a very up-to-date cavalry regiment, and rather pernickety.

A publication which is bound to have a simply terrific vogue when it makes its appearance in this country is "The Coronation Thieves' Who's Who" (illustrated). It may interest other persons besides the Press, and I understand that the thing publishers call the "blurb" is already making some

people feel as if they had bees under their bustles. Of course, no one can tell who is going to be in it, and that is why there is all this nervousness. I read that—

"The book contains photographs, personal details and notes on 'professional methods' of all well-known adventurers, jewel and hotel thieves, marriage swindlers and others."

I suppose—in fact, I hope—that in all other respects it will slavishly follow the lines of that other publication with which we are all so familiar: "Ed.: —" (or "Uned.", as the case may be). "Formerly Chairman of —; President of —; Managing Director of —; Partner in —."

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Truman Howell

MAJOR GODFREY PIKE, MR. J. CARROLL AND A FISH

Mr. Carroll fought this fine 38-pounder for 45 minutes in the Usk before it was gaffed by Major Godfrey Pike. The scene of operations was near Abergavenny



Howard Barrett

A MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT GROUP

Most of foxhunting Yorkshire forgathered for this meeting, run over a good line at Whitwell on the Hill, near York. Here are some very well-knowns: Mrs. Philip Pease, Mrs. Lycett-Green (York and Ainsty), the Hon. Dorothy Lane-Fox (from the Bramham), a daughter of Lord and Lady Bingley and Captain T. Wickham Boynton, who hunts the Middleton East

By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

BRIG.-GEN. LORD HENRY SEYMOUR AND BRIG.-GEN. W. P. L. DAVIES

At the recent Worcester Point-to-Point at Crowle. Lord Henry Seymour, a brother of Lord Hertford, was formerly Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and Brig.-Gen. Davies used to be an Artilleryman

telling that told. In *Elephant Thief*, however, there is everything that any tough-guy film has, and then some. However, to the story: once upon a time there was a man whose job it was to catch elephants for a certain Government somewhere in some large jungle-tract. He did it very well. He caught such a lot that he believed the Government not possibly want them all, and so the idea germinated in his mind that a smash-and-grab elephant raid would be a corking good scheme. Accordingly, he just pinched four or five hundred and sold them at a nice working profit. When the elephant auditors came round, some of his myrmidons got the wind up, gave the catcher away and said he had cooked the books. So the auditors promptly said: "You have done some fine work; but *where* are the other five hundred?" "Oh, *those*?" said the man, whose sang-froid never forsook him: "Poor brutes, they all went sick and swam over to that big island in the river to die: You know how elephants select a cemetery and then go to it? It was very sad!" At that moment the river was a many miles wide, in spate and very dangerous, so the auditors could not get

Vis-à-vis all this, an expert in counter-offensive against "Flannel-foot Joe" and his friends has told me that one of the best and simplest ways to make things difficult for them is a hedge of opened umbrellas, arranged as an entanglement. The expert says that this kind of obstruction placed at suitable points, passages, doorways and such-like, is quite first-class and is fairly certain to cramp most operators' style. Try it yourself and see.

Marvellous pictorially as the film *Elephant Boy* is, I really believe



Poole, Dublin

ALSO AT THE LIFEBOAT BALL IN DUBLIN: THE LORD MAYOR'S DRY JOKE

Alderman Alfred Byrne, who is Lord Mayor of Dublin (since 1930) and an Independent Member of Dail Eireann, is on the right of the picture. He had invited Lord and Lady Milton and Miss Molly Morrogh-Ryan to his table for a drink, but, by a new Free State law, drinks can only be served with supper. Joke over!

out to that island. This gave the catcher just the bit of time he needed (to get away to Brighton or Buenos Aires—I forget which) and not the time he ought to have had. They never caught him, and they never found the Elephant Cemetery. The catcher was, I believe, the sole patentee of this particular form of larceny, and his story may give Hollywood an inspiration.

(Continued on page xvi)



Howard Barrett

ANOTHER MIDDLETON GROUP

Some more well-known Yorkshire hunting folk at this recent contest at Whitwell on the Hill. Telling off from the left, the names are: Lady Jean Dundas, Lord Bruce Dundas, and Lady Viola and Lady Lavinia Dundas, who comprise all of Lord and Lady Zetland's family, with the exception of the heir, Lord Ronaldshay. Lord Zetland was formerly Governor of that dangerous place, Bengal—far worse than the N.-W.-F.



Guy & Cullier

MR. ROBERT HEBER-PERCY AND MISS KATHLEEN MEYRICK

At the end-of-the-season tryst of that famous pack the Berks and Bucks Stagbouds at Hampstead Norris. Mr. C. Heber-Percy is a brother of the Joint-Master of the Cotswold, and Miss Meyrick is a daughter of the late Mrs. Meyrick

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

AN Englishman, a Scot, and an Irishman were standing in the bar of an hotel. They had several drinks all round, and then began a discussion as to what nationality each one of them would have preferred to belong had he not been born what he was.

"If you had not been born in Scotland," said the Englishman to the Scot, "would you rather have been English or Irish?"

"Oh," was the reply, "if I couldna' ha' been a Scot, I'd ha' been an Englishman. And what about you?"

"I would rather have been a Scot than anything else, if I couldn't be English," replied the representative of the lower counties. "And what about you, Pat?" he went on. "What would you rather have been?"

"Shure," said Pat, "an' if Oi'd not been born an Oirishman, Oi'd have been ashamed o' meself."

* * *

A couple of dance-mad girls were discussing their pet crooners.

"Do you know," said one of them, "that some crooners are paid £5000 a year?"

"Why," cried the other, "that's what the Prime Minister gets!"

"Yes," said the first girl, with a nod. "And the Prime Minister can't sing a note."

* * *

A woman entered a bus with a pet dog under her arm. "I suppose," she said to the conductor, "if I pay the fare of my dog he will be treated the same as any other passenger and allowed to occupy a seat."

"Oh, certainly, madam," replied the conductor politely; "he will be treated the same as any other passenger and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it."

* * *

The hotel guest could not get to sleep. People were running backwards and forwards along the corridor outside his room, shouting and making a fearful noise. At last he could bear it no longer, so he telephoned down to the manager's office.

"What's the matter with this confounded hotel?" he asked angrily. "I can't get to sleep with all this noise going on."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the manager's voice, "but I'm afraid we can't control the movements of the fire brigade."

* * *

A little boy was taken to a Children's Home, and his mother asked him if he would like to give some of his toys to the Home.

"You see that little boy over there," she said. "Well, he hasn't got a daddy, so wouldn't you like to give him your bunny?"

The little boy thought for a moment. Then he said: "I'd rather give him daddy."



**A LONDON DANCER IN BUDAPEST:
MISS FRANCES AND FRED**

Miss Frances and her partner, Fred, are a great success in cabaret in Budapest. Before their arrival in the Balkan capital city they had toured Berlin, Paris and Vienna



WITH HER "PACK": LADY CHELMSFORD

Lady Chelmsford has a large number of dog-friends at her house, Ash Platts, East Grinstead, and she is seen here with a representative draft from her pack. They are Casmine of Reynalton, bloodhound, Chewton Solomon, cocker spaniel, Narcissus of Reynalton, basset, and Yarell's Frisk and Champion Pirate, beagles. Before her marriage in 1927 Lady Chelmsford was Miss Gilian Lubbock, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lubbock, he being a kinsman of Lord Avebury

The trombone player in a Scottish orchestra was taken ill, and the conductor accepted the services of a man who played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the ability of the substitute. After the first performance, the conductor said that the new player had done fairly well, but that perhaps he would do better the next night.

The new-comer looked at him gratefully and answered: "Man, ye see, the music is a' strange tae me the night, and I'm no' jist sairtn o' it yet; but you wait tae the morn's night and ye'll no' hear ane of thae fiddles at a'!"

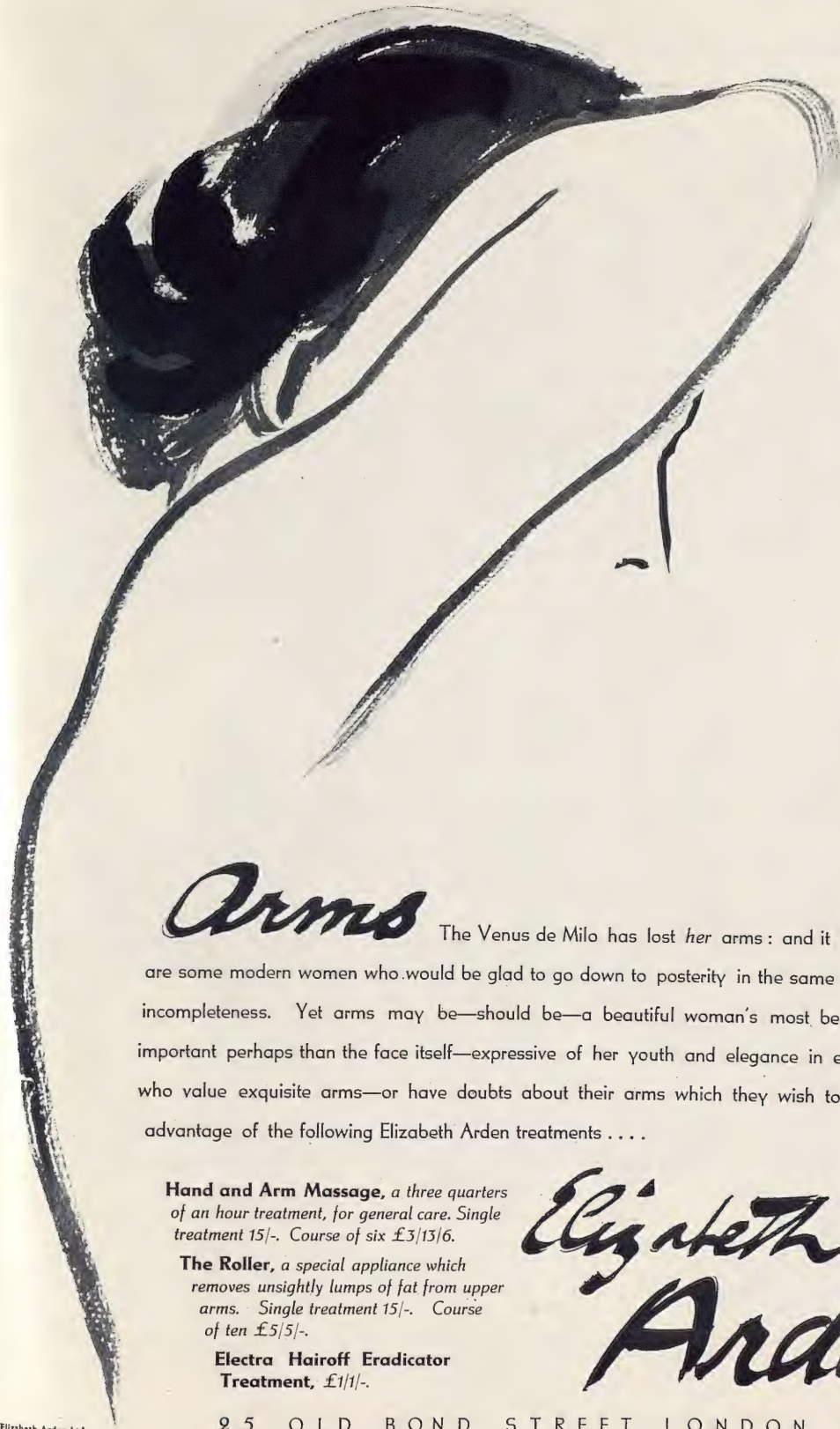
* * *

Solly met his friend Jacob in the street.

"Solly," said Jacob, "you don't look very well. What is the matter?"

"I've just been to see a doctor," moaned Solly, "and he is going to take my appendix away."

"Don't you let him do it," advised Jacob earnestly. "Put it in your wife's name, and then they can't touch it."



Arms

The Venus de Milo has lost *her* arms: and it is possible that there are some modern women who would be glad to go down to posterity in the same condition of graceful incompleteness. Yet arms may be—should be—a beautiful woman's most beautiful feature—more important perhaps than the face itself—expressive of her youth and elegance in every curve. Women who value exquisite arms—or have doubts about their arms which they wish to dispel—should take advantage of the following Elizabeth Arden treatments

Hand and Arm Massage, a three quarters of an hour treatment, for general care. Single treatment 15/-. Course of six £3/13/6.

The Roller, a special appliance which removes unsightly lumps of fat from upper arms. Single treatment 15/-. Course of ten £5/5/-.

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SOME RECENT POINT-TO-POINTING



AT THE SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE HUNT 'CHASES
Miss Helen Jacobs, Mrs. A. G. Elliot (Joint-Master, S. Oxfordshire), Miss M. Elliot, Miss Bingham
(daughter of the U.S. Ambassador) and Captain Kinny Pawson



MISS PHEBE AMES AND MAJOR C. R.
HAWLEY



TWO OWNERS: MAJOR AND
MRS. R. D. H. HOULDSWORTH



COL. AND MRS. E. R. CLAYTON AND
LT.-COLONEL J. T. WEATHERLEY



MISS LAVINIA HOLLAND-HIBBERT AND
THE HON. MRS. W. HOLLAND-HIBBERT

The foxhunting and point-to-pointing all over the British Isles are on the last lap of one of the most devastatingly moist seasons on record, and it is only now, when Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Fox are thinking of setting up house, that the Clerk of the Weather is being so kind as to provide some going that is not girth-deep. All the people who were at the recent South Oxfordshire Point-to-Point were lucky where the overhead conditions, at any rate, were concerned. The Joint-Master, Mrs. A. G. Elliot, her partner being Lt.-Col. E. G. W. W. Harrison, collected an interesting little party which, as will be noted, included the world's lady lawn-tennis champion, Miss Helen Jacobs, and the daughter of the U.S.A. Ambassador to London. Major and Mrs. Houldsworth were amongst that body known as the anxious owners, and had two competing in the South Oxfordshire Hunt Cup, one of which he rode. Major Houldsworth is in the Ayrshire Yeomanry. Colonel E. R. Clayton formerly commanded the 2nd Battn. of the Oxford and Bucks L.I., and the Hon. Mrs. William Holland-Hibbert, who is with her elder daughter, is a sister-in-law of Lord Knutsford, M.F.H. (Lord Bathurst's)

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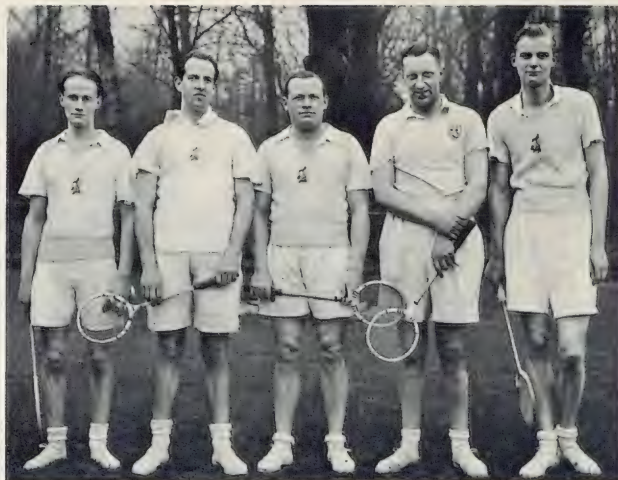
By "RABBIT"

IF poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity, what is the best definition of those endless post-mortems which take all the poetry out of the game—at least, for one spectator—and which seem to be the one topic of conversation that the tennis world really understands and encourages? Such monologues are certainly emotional, but as for being recollected in tranquillity—well, I can only remind the reader that there is nothing like good sport for making bad blood, and after listening to the club-house gossip for half an hour, you would be compelled to believe that the Almighty spent His whole time arranging for net-cords and cruel decisions in the enemy's favour at crucial moments.

It is only human nature, I know, to manufacture an alibi, whether it is to do with a love-affair that has gone wrong, or a love set that has been lost: but I do feel most sincerely that, since this is Coronation Year, which means that our courts will be crowded with foreign stars, all anxious to play at Wimbledon and see London *en fête* at the same time, a concerted effort should be made towards improving the sporting manners and behaviour of so many of our home players. This can best be achieved by referees and tournament officials making full use of their considerable powers, instead of, as they are so inclined to do now, pandering to the temperaments of the players who happen to be only too conscious of their attractions as box-office draws.

Already this season, there has been a bumper crop of "incidents," from exhibitions of rank bad temper to petulant scratchings, not caused by any real physical injury, but simply due to the fear of being beaten by someone lower down in the ranking scale. As if it mattered at this stage of the proceedings! While as for those players who refuse to play at all in early tournaments, I have no patience with them. Tuning up is inevitably an uncertain business—the greater the talent, the greater the uncertainty—but the process can best be got over in open competition. And there is surely a moral for the rest of the players who have tennis aspirations in the way that Kay Stammers, when she was recently soundly whacked by Mary Heeley, was heard to remark that she hadn't played so badly since her junior days. That was frank, at least, and the light-hearted manner in which she said it and her sporting refusal to invent any alibi about the court or the conditions, augurs well for this star's form later in the season. As a far wiser judge of the game remarked to me that same afternoon: "If Miss Stammers was already playing in the form that won her a place in our Wightman Cup team last June, it would be more than likely that she would be hopelessly stale by the time Wimbledon arrives again."

In any case, it is a sign of greatness in every sport that the real giant can take a defeat even from a pigmy and be completely unperturbed by it. Think of Tilden who, after his historic defeat by Cochet (who, it is true, was only a pigmy by comparison, and only



Stuart

THE INTER-COUNTY SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIP: SUSSEX, WINNERS FOR THE FOURTH TIME

Sussex won the squash championship for the fourth time, beating Cheshire by 5 rubbers to love at Kensington Country Club in the final. E. Snell was runner-up to Amr Bey in the Championship last December. The names are:

P. C. Conran, J. F. Stokes, E. Snell (captain), Capt. S. T. Jagger and N. S. Hooper

where height was concerned at that), came back to win at Wimbledon, after a lapse of several years. If ever there was a courageous return, that was it. And think again of a more recent example—Helen Jacobs. Here was a player, who, after years of struggling to win the championship, came within a point of it at last, only to see the match turn once more in favour of her lifelong rival, Helen Wills-Moody. But, undeterred, the other Helen returned the next year, this time to carry off the prize, at her seventh time of asking, even though, in actual fact, she lost both her singles matches in the Wightman Cup contest, the week before Wimbledon opened. You would have expected that to break her nerve: indeed, all the croakers on the side-lines were prophesying that it had, just as in the previous year they were predicting that Mrs. Moody was finished, especially when she seemed to be at first slower about the court, and less consistent in her returns. She was even defeated, and decisively, at Beckenham by Kay Stammers. But three weeks later, she was once more Champion of the World.

All this is old history, in a way, I know, but I repeat it here deliberately for the edification of those who would like to suggest that Kay Stammers' career is on the decline, or that Dorothy Round is already a back number, or, again, that Helen Jacobs has no chance of repeating her victory this year. Perhaps events will provide a new name on the scroll of champions that stands at the top of the stairs, just above the players' entrance to the Centre Court. Certainly a new name will have to be found for the men's singles. Perhaps, again, where the ladies are concerned, that name will be Señorita Lizana's—it is my own Wimbledon tip, which I shall back as I can—but

(Continued on page xxiv)



Stuart

RUNNERS-UP IN THE INTER-COUNTY SQUASH: CHESHIRE

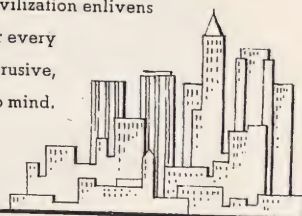
This was the first occasion on which Cheshire have reached the final. Their fifth string, A. M. Wedd, is not in the picture, as he lost his train and had to play his match after dark. The names are:

R. I. L. Bentley (Secretary, Cheshire Squash Rackets Association), G. B. Cary, A. H. T. Crosthwaite (captain) and J. C. Swallow

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LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Chairman of British-American Tobacco Company, is now revealed as the owner of "The Clyde Clipper" air-liner, the only British entry to date in the New York-Paris International Air Race, organised by the French Government. Lady Cunliffe-Owen, whose portrait above is a recent one, is one of the first women to become a director of an air line, and will shortly lay the keel-plate of the air-liner, which is being built at the London works of Scottish Aircraft and Engineering Company. "The Clyde Clipper," powered with two 745-h.p. Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines, will be completed in four months; has a range of 4500 miles and a cruising speed for the race of 230 m.p.h., and will be flown from London to New York in July. The race is over a course of 3629 miles and will be flown from New York to Paris between August 1st and 31st



Photos: Fayer of Vienna
AND SIR HUGO CUNLIFFE-OWEN
OWNER OF "THE CLYDE CLIPPER" AIR-LINER

"Airplanes" for All.

"USAGE," as Anatole France said, "is the absolute rule in matters of language. Neither science nor logic will prevail against it." Yet here we have the President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, Mr. H. E. Wimperis, championing the word "airplane" against the word "aeroplane." He tells me, moreover, that he has always preferred the word. Those who spend their time constructing, operating and flying aeroplanes, however, generally keep to the word "aeroplane." You will not hear the word "airplane" on the aerodrome—except in jest—though you may hear it in the lecture-room. To most pilots, "airplane" reeks. It has the same taint as "battleplane" and "intrepid girl flyer"; it seems spurious; it seems to come in the category of the offensively out-moded; of "O.K.," "definitely," and "wizard." So far as the newspapers are concerned, it was the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard* who first took to "airplane"; but now I believe that the weightier journal, which makes a habit of that tiresome word "tire," meaning, not tire (head-dress), nor tire (to adorn), nor tire (to make or grow weary), but tire (band of metal, rubber, etc., placed round rim of wheel)—or, in other words, *tyre*—has adopted it.

America has used "airplane" for a long time. It is, in fact, an American word, and the Report of the American National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics on Nomenclature gives it and none other. I suppose that is why some people believe we must adopt it. For it is widely held that everything American, from tin-can motor-cars to tin-can food, sets a fashion which the world must follow. Oscar Wilde's gibe that "the English have really everything in common with the Americans—except, of course, language," is no longer a gibe. One of America's chief exports to England is language. Everybody's aping it. There is no campaign to persuade the people of this country to use words built in the United Kingdom.

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

The Choice.

With due respect to the President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, I must state my view that I do not like "airplane." I detest it. It seems to me harder and less rich in associations than "aeroplane." Why an "e" and an "o" should make so much difference, I do not know; but those whose fate it is, like the present scribbler's, to live in the midst of a welter of words, recognise some as friends and some as enemies on sight. "Aeroplane" is the friend. It contains something of European culture. "Airplane" is the enemy; a canned word, devoid of the finer flavours; uncouth. It reminds one of the "roaring boring" of 100 per cent. American he-men in wash-houses. You will note I advance no etymological reasons for my choice. Etymology, like statistics, can prove anything. And, as I have pointed out, it is usage that matters. I recall the arguments in favour of "airplane" advanced by a professor, whose name eludes me, in 1913; but those arguments failed to affect usage, and on the aerodromes of France, when no slang term was employed, the word was always "aeroplane." On the aerodromes of England it is so to-day. And I shall stick to "aeroplane" until usage dictates a change—usage by those English people who fly or are in immediate touch with aeroplanes.

Twenty-Tonners.

Last week I had an opportunity of going down to Hamble to see the new Armstrong-Whitworth commercial aeroplanes which are in course of construction.

A short time ago I gave in these notes some details of the design of these machines. They are claimed to be the biggest things of their kind ever built, and I think the claim is justified. Aeroplanes like the "Maxim-Gorky" cannot be regarded as normal commercial transport types. The monocoque fuselages in the Hamble works are impressive and, in spite of their great size, convey an idea of slimmness. This augurs well for the speed capabilities of the machines. The cabins should be well lighted, for the windows are large. And I am glad to note that these windows provide emergency exits. The glass can be thrust out of the frame. This form of emergency exit I was advocating as long ago as 1924, and I have frequently pointed out its advantages in these pages.

Emergency exits in the roof, though they may have value if a landplane comes down on the water, are otherwise useless. The only emergency exit that can hope to have life-saving qualities is that which is close beside the passenger and to

(Continued on page ii)



LINDBERGH IN BAHRAIN

The above snapshot of Colonel Lindbergh (right) and Mr. C. Dalrymple Belgrave was taken on the aerodrome at Bahrain, on the Persian Gulf, when Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were on their homeward trek from India. Mr. Dalrymple Belgrave is the adviser to the Shah of Bahrain, who came to England last summer. The local inhabitants of Bahrain were naturally much impressed by the visit of the distinguished airman

the crucial moment—
and
your fly succumbs
to the
irresistible attractions
of
a tree!...



ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps
you
to survive
that
maddening moment...



whilst
you tie on
another fly
for that fish
which is,
very obligingly,
still rising?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE CRIME THAT WENT ASTRAY

By

JOHN GRAY



As Pete raised his hand on high, the spanner in its vice-like grip, the scratching of pen on paper stopped and a warning cry rang out: "Look out! Look out, Mr. Weatherly!"

wore one would feel it was void of pockets, for the sleeves and the trousers were tattered and torn and the remainder gaped with holes. But the pits of the pockets were canvas, stitched up strongly with thread. Pete had had them specially made, as he had the tears and tatters.

He stood now in the gutter shivering, in a most realistic manner, and you shivered yourself as you watched him standing there in the blinding snow, for you weren't to know that beneath the rags were garments of fleecy wool, and that the "shivering" beggar was just as warm, if not warmer, than you were yourself. The laden sky let down the snow with an ever-increasing speed, and the match-seller in the gutter seemed to act as a magnet to it. Flakes swept around him swiftly, as though caught in a whirlpool current, some settling on the ragged cap, some on the tattered coat.

"Blind, please! Blind, please!" The man never ceased his cry. "Blind, please! Blind, please!" The snow settled on the matches too.

Often, as he stood with his matches, work would be offered him; light work a blind man might manage—there seemed plenty of such jobs about. But Pete was always able to slip such offers in a diplomatic manner, surprisingly plausible reasons flowing easily from his tongue. He would hint at some contagious disease: it wouldn't do for him to work with others. . . . Or it might be that he could not sit for long, owing to internal trouble. His reasons were always accepted, and mostly money would be given instead.

But the man who stopped and spoke to Pete that Friday in the snowstorm, as he stood there staging his shivers and repeating his plaintive "Blind, please!", did not exactly offer him work. He wanted to teach him a trade and give him a home.

He persuaded Pete to leave his pitch for "something hot" in a nearby snack-bar. The station users were thinning down, for the "best" of the morning had passed, and as every pocket of Pete's was packed he was ready for the break: no harm in listening to the fool and getting what he could. . . .

(Continued on page 92)

IT started to snow, thinly at first, then with an ever-increasing thickness. Pete Dawson felt the feathery flakes on his face and instinctively staged a shiver. Snow! Good! Just what was wanted. Hearts and handbags would open now. They were in the minority who would pass by unheeded a blind beggar in the snow.

Pete was standing outside an Underground station, on a corner in the gutter. It had been his Friday morning stand all through the autumn and winter, ever since he'd decided to put aside his sight in the interests of the begging business.

At seven o'clock he would get there, as the rush for the City began, and parade for the pity of the endless stream hurrying in and out of the station, catching at the conscience of many, too, with his penetrating "Blind, please!" cry.

The Underground stand was the best Pete had, and Friday was a special day, for many of those whose eye he caught would soon be receiving wages, and remembering that would almost always give to the blind man offering matches.

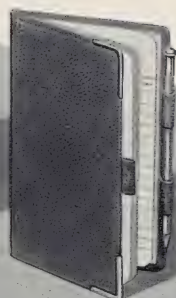
Every Friday Pete reaped a harvest, his pockets filling with coins, although by the ragged state of the clothes he

Asprey

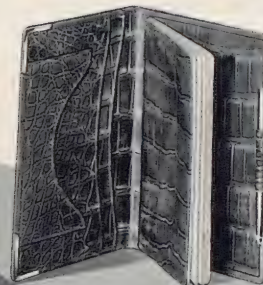
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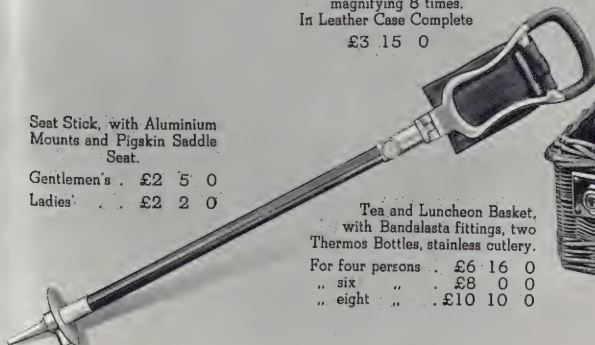
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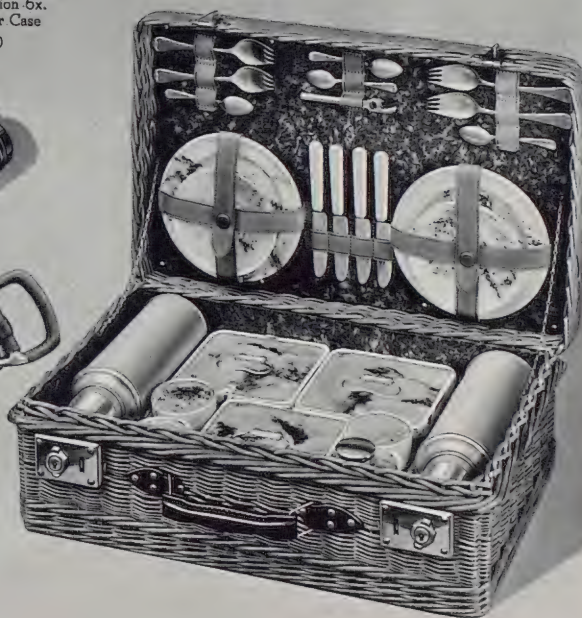


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THE CRIME THAT WENT ASTRAY—(Continued from p. 90)

Over thick cups of scalding coffee the stranger continued his discourse. Away along the Uxbridge Road he lived, in a large old converted house. He—his name was Weatherly—had converted the place himself, adapting it especially for those who were blind, to whom he had dedicated his life.

He told Pete all about the place, of the different trades which were taught there, and soon, although almost against his will, Pete found himself interested.

"From all over London," Weatherly said, "the blind come to Priory Lodge, and where it differs from other such institutions is that they run the place themselves. I am the only one there with sight. Everyone else is blind."

It was then that Pete decided to investigate the offer more fully. If everyone there but one was blind, then it might be the break he was wanting . . . and from behind the brim of the coffee-cup he opened his eyes a little. Weatherly, all unsuspectingly, went on with what he was saying.

At Priory Lodge in the Uxbridge Road, Weatherly had worked out a system. Its foundations were independence and a sense of security. He also made those about him feel that each of them was important, whilst nothing in the atmosphere suggested charity. Such was the place Pete came to in his pose as a sightless beggar.

A qualified blind master-man was in charge of each separate trade—basket-work, mat-making, cobbling, leather-work—and that fact greatly helped, of course, to dissolve feelings of inferiority. A blind man ran the accounts department, and others the general office, whilst all the cooking and kitchen work was carried out by the men themselves.

At the end of the drive near the pavement was an attractive showroom and shop, for the sale of finished handiwork made by the men. Those serving in the shop were also blind, but managed most efficiently, and at the close of each day would hand Weatherly the money the shop had made. Weatherly did not bother to bank until after the monthly share-out. At the end of each month, from the money made, expenses would be deducted, then the remainder distributed between everyone in the house. All that Weatherly wanted was that the place should pay for itself, and this it did in a most satisfactory manner under his supervision. Often the monthly share-out would mean two or three pounds a head; this sum over and above the standard weekly wage.

In every room of the rambling place, workroom, dining-, or "rec"-room, Weatherly had had a house-plan fixed to

the wall, outlined in risen steel. A blind man reading it with his hands could tell at once which room he was in, for that upon each separate map was marked with a special sign.

Every room was marked in full on the maps, furniture included. Even the safe in Weatherly's room was there in risen steel, although Pete had peeped at it in person on his first visit to the principal's room.

Weatherly had been called away, leaving Pete for a moment. It was then he had quickly opened his eyes and registered all he saw. Pete was not alone in the room. A man bent over a desk, but it was easy to see that he was blind by the way his fingers went. He was pawing a specially-made adding machine, as a monk might finger his beads, and the lids of his eyes were smooth in repose, akin to a Grecian statue.

All the men who came to Priory Lodge settled down with gratitude, for most had come genuinely from the streets, from a bitter deep pit of despair. Pete settled down with gratitude too, but for quite a different reason: he settled down to await the end of the month, when Weatherly's safe would be full.

The end of the month was approaching. There were two more days to go. Pete, while seeming to settle down at his allotted cobbler's bench, had worked his plan out thoroughly for the plundering of the safe. He decided against a get-away immediately he got the money. That would stop suspicion focussing itself on him, and make the police think it an outside job. He would fix things so that they thought that way; open a window and scratch the sill. But it wasn't likely they would try and plant the robbery upon a bunch of blind men.

When Weatherly was checking the daily takings he would get behind him with a spanner. The spanner he must pad a bit to deaden the thud a little. Maybe if he timed the thing as a tram was clanking along the Uxbridge Road, the blind clerk working at the other desk wouldn't notice anything wrong. Still, if he did, there would be the spanner. Perhaps he had better knock both out at once. That would give him more time to get the dough from the safe and into its hiding-place.

A bit of luck his spotting the key as he had, hanging from Weatherly's watch-chain. Once the old fool had taken his dose of spanner, the safe was as good as open. . . . Then, at last the evening came for which Pete had waited and planned.

(Continued on page xviii)



Kinscy Bros.

THE WEDDING IN NEW DELHI OF MR. WILLIAM KAYE, R.A., AND MISS ROSAMOND HUTTON

The above group was taken at the wedding reception at General Sir Henry and Lady Ap Rhys Pryce's house in New Delhi. The ceremony was at the Church of the Redemption, and General Sir Henry Ap Rhys Pryce who is Master-General of Ordnance in India, gave the bride away. Mrs. William Kaye is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hutton, of Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, and the bridegroom, who is attached A.H.Q., India, is a son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Cecil Kaye and of Lady Kaye. The names in the above group are:

Left to right, sitting: Lady Ap Rhys Pryce, Major-General R. K. Hezlet, Deputy Master-General of Ordnance in India, Lady Kaye (baby, Richard Pardey), General Sir Henry Ap Rhys Pryce, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., Mrs. Hezlet, Sir Henry Craik, Bart., Home Member of Council, Government of India. Standing, left to right: The Rev. T. F. Young, Chaplain of New Delhi, General Campbell, Captain Knox, Royal Signals, A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief, the Bridegroom and the Bride, Mrs. Pardey, sister of the bridegroom, Mr. W. H. Pardey, Captain Hay, Mrs. Hay.



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**CAPTAIN IAN CONSTABLE MAXWELL
AND HIS BRIDE**

Captain Ian Constable Maxwell was married, at St. James', Spanish Place, to Miss Jan Ricardo, daughter of Lt.-Col. Wilfrid and Mrs. Ricardo, of Hook Hall, Surrey. They are seen arriving in Hyde Park Gardens for the reception. Captain Maxwell is to act as Gold Staff Officer in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation

A Word for Cyclists.

PROBABLY there is no class of road-user that possesses in higher degree the capacity for frightening the life out of motor-car drivers than the pedal-cyclist. Furnished with but modest powers of speed, he has enormous, terrific, horrifying powers of manoeuvre. A pedal-bicycle can change direction through 90 degrees in that unit of time so popular in the courts of law—a "flash." It can be going straight ahead at one instant, and at the next it can be cutting across your bows. But I think that it is just, at this time when the roads are filling up, to acknowledge the skill and thoughtfulness of the great majority of cyclists, and to extend to them the hand of friendship. Their numbers are such that the proportion of thoughtless ones must be remarkably small. I know that one seems to meet these thoughtless ones rather frequently; the ones who ride on the right of the road; who turn right-hand corners close into the right curb; who wobble and wamble and swoop. But one also meets careful and skilful cyclists far more frequently. One tends to notice the foolish cyclist and not to notice the skilful one. But next time you are covering some distance along heavily loaded roads, try to note the good bicycle-riders.

And remember this: that the cyclist is the nudist of the roads, surrounded by spiked and armoured companions or competitors. Look at one of those elephantine-wheeled lorries from the window of your car, and it seems big; but look at it from the frail frame of a pedal-bicycle, and it must seem gigantic. The incidence of accidents may be determined largely by the skill and attention of the drivers and riders; but the effects of accidents are strongly influenced by the type of vehicle and the amount of protection it affords. The pedal-bicycle affords no protection. Motor-cars afford some; motor-omnibuses and motor-lorries afford more, and I suppose that the occupant of a steam-roller is more strongly walled and battlemented against injury than anybody else.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

Give Way.

It is recognition of these facts that leads all skilful motor-car drivers to give way to cyclists and to allow ample margins when overtaking them. Only the thoughtless ones take advantage of the correct riding of a pedal-cyclist—close in to the left curb—to squeeze past him when approaching traffic does not permit an ample margin to be allowed. One should, in my view, always be ready to treat a single pedal-cyclist just as if he were one of the biggest lorries on earth. One should be ready to slow down and keep behind him, with a sufficient safety interval, until traffic conditions permit him to be overtaken with plenty of room to spare. And one should bear in mind that no human being is proof against momentary aberrations and that, in consequence, one should be as ready as it is possible to be to compete with a sudden swerve.

By the use of his powers of manoeuvre without warning, the pedal-cyclist can give the motor-car driver a situation with which it is impossible to deal. But the motor-driver, on his side, can do something to guard against risks, and this season, more than ever in the past, it will be necessary for him to exercise the utmost vigilance when cyclists are about.

Toughened Glass.

Since writing about toughened glass wind-screens and describing the tests to show that breaking the glass did not make it opaque, I have heard from a correspondent, who writes to me, sending a photograph of the wind-screen of his car after it had been broken. He tells me that at the time he was travelling more or less into the sun, which was low down, and this, coupled with the breaking of the glass, impaired his view. He had to open the screen to obtain enough visibility to drive, and he



**AT THE CONSTABLE-RICARDO WEDDING:
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK**
The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who are themselves recently married, were at the wedding of Captain Constable Maxwell and Miss Ricardo. The Duke of Norfolk is a first cousin of the bridegroom



**AT THE CHETWYND-SUTTON WEDDING:
MR. AND MRS. RANDOLPH CHETWYND**

Mr. Randolph Chetwynd was at the wedding of his cousin, the Hon. Julian Chetwynd, to Miss Margaret Sutton, daughter of the late Major-General Hugh Sutton and of the Hon. Mrs. Sutton, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Randolph Chetwynd married Miss Bridget Walsh in 1931

tells me that it was noticed that the vibration to which the screen was subsequently subjected seemed to make the network of fractures more pronounced, until the screen resembled "a sheet of heavily frosted glass."

(Continued on p. 96)

This England . . .



The Mendips—Cheddar. In the distance, Brent Knoll



Beneath the south-western face of the great Mendip hills nestles Cheddar at the foot of its famous gorge. Old as a place, it was beloved of Roman miner and Saxon counsellor (two Witenagemots were held here) and—like all old places of English use and habitation—beautiful. In the seventeenth century began the making of the cheese that has made the name world-famous. An epicure has said that it was specially invented to go with old English beer; whether this be true or no, certain it is that this cheese is a most noble complement to your Worthington—itsself old, and English, and—some say—beautiful.

Petrol Vapour

—continued from p. 94

It is necessary to give my correspondent's views as he is one of the few with direct experience of a broken toughened-glass screen. But I still hold to my belief that toughened glass—provided it is made by a trustworthy firm—is as good a safety glass as can be produced with present-day knowledge. I do not suppose that any glass is absolutely safe, and the breaking of laminated glass also impairs visibility. But I think, as a true reading of the experiments which I made myself, that toughened glass may be described truthfully as "safety glass." I am indebted to my correspondent, however, for letting me have details of his experience.

* * *

Records

The flying mile and flying kilometre world's motor car speed records are likely to be attacked by several different drivers before the year is out. There is Freddie Dixon with his new design of four-wheel driven, four-wheel steered car; there is Dr. Ferdinand Porsche with his small streamlined vehicle; and there is Ab Jenkins with his 1,800 h.p. Auburn. Jenkins proposes to brake by means of flaps or side wings, and he will use a sort of elevator for keeping the front end of the car from lifting and getting good adhesion. Freddie Dixon, on the other hand, has some design of water-cooled transmission brake. Dr. Porsche has a scheme for obtaining good



Debenhams

HENRY V AT THE OLD VIC: MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER
AND MISS JESSICA TANDY

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production in this great revival at the Old Vic is rated by common consent far and away the best thing he has yet given us. Mr. Laurence Olivier is a virile Henry V and Miss Jessica Tandy equally successful and most attractive as Queen Katherine, daughter of Charles VI of France

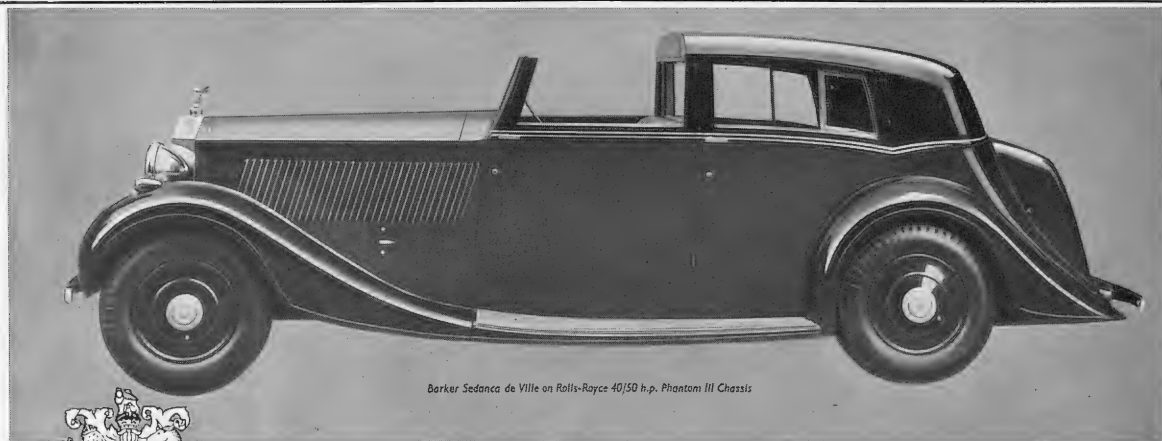
wheel adhesion, and I understand his brakes will work through the wheels and not aerodynamically.

I think that the use of elevators and wings on motor cars intended for the world's record is evading the issue. This is a motor car record in which propulsion must be secured through the wheels. That is the essence of the problem. And to introduce aerodynamic devices is to mix up aviation and motoring. If the adhesion for acceleration and speed can be secured through the wheels, then it should be possible to brake through the wheels. The work of the engineers who engage in designing record-breaking cars is of greater value to motoring if they keep off aerodynamics.

* * *

Vauxhall Test Track

The production of new Vauxhall models last autumn necessitated a temporary hold-up in manufacture and assembly while jigs and tools were installed. This meant that several hundred works employees would have been "stood off" for a few weeks; but actually these men turned labourers for a short while and set out to encircle their 10½-acre sports ground with a three-quarters of a mile long concrete track. Divided up into groups and supervised by foremen, the only technical assistance they had was from Vauxhall Motors' own building and maintenance department. As a result a magnificent test track was built within a few weeks. An admirable display of good sense by the skilled employees, who realised that any productive work is good work.



Barker Sedan de Ville on Rolls-Royce 40/50 h.p. Phantom III Chassis



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TENNIS CHAMPIONS IN EGYPT: M. HENKEL (LEFT) AND VON CRAMM WITH PRINCESS ABBAS HALIM

Henkel and Von Cramm won the doubles in the Egyptian International Tennis Tournament in Cairo recently. They received their cups from Princess Abbas Halim, whose husband, Prince Abbas Halim, is President of the Egyptian Tennis Federation

which he instinctively turns—the window. And with the introduction of larger machines the need for well-placed emergency exits increases. The engines of the new landplanes are the Armstrong Siddeley Tiger IX's. A top speed of over 322 kilometres an hour is expected. And, by the way, I hear that one of the Empire flying boats has succeeded in doing 344 kilometres an hour while flying level. This is over 22 kilometres an hour better than the speed with which they are officially credited, and I gather that the difference was to some extent a matter of skilful piloting.

Air Eddies

(Continued from p. 88)

Blind Approaches.

While I was at Hamble I took the opportunity of making some inquiries about the progress of Air Service Training. Group Captain Barton is never satisfied, but is always pressing forward to some further development of flying training, and that is why he has made this school one of the best, if not the best, in the world. His latest plan is to introduce training in the use of blind approach methods such as the Lorenz. Commercial pilots who go through the Air Service Training Course will then be sent out perfect in those activities which they are now required to master.

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, I hear, has presented A.S.T. with a silver challenge cup which will be competed for annually by the civilian students. A replica will be given to the one with the best all-round flying record for the year. The school now has ten trophies—four for flying, four for ground subjects, and two for sailing. Good incentives!



AT THE OAKLEY POINT-TO-POINT: LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND WING-COMMANDER A. W. H. JAMES, M.P.

The Oakley Point-to-Point was run at Riseley, Bedfordshire. Lady Kathleen Rollo, who is Lord Downshire's only sister, was riding in the Ladies' Race, which was won by Miss A. M. Everitt's Tell Nell. Wing-Commander James is the Member for the Wellingborough Division of that sporting county Northamptonshire



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For those who require home preparations I recommend the following:—

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The HIGHWAY of FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

THERE are some very lovely day and evening dresses to be seen in the model gown salons at Harrods, Knightsbridge. A veritable triumph of the couturier's art is the evening affair portrayed on this page. It is to be regretted that in black and white it is not possible to show its glorious colour. This is not quite a midnight blue, neither is it a deep sapphire, but it suggests that these two shades have been blended. The sheath-like dress is covered with miniature bead and bugle embroidery, which scintillates with every movement of the wearer. The very full train springing from the waistline is of net in the same shade as the dress; the cape which completes the scheme, also of net, is adjustable. Here is likewise to be seen a collection of formal Court gowns, also dresses that have been especially created for wearing at Westminster Abbey on the day when Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are crowned



269. Sapphire and Diamond Brooch forming two separate "Clip-on" Brooches £225 0 0



298. Diamond Brooch £70 0 0



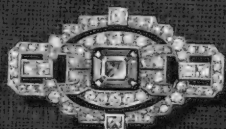
292. Diamond Earrings £175 0 0 pair



289. Diamond Earrings £55 0 0 pair



280. Diamond Brooch forming two separate "Clip-on" Brooches £120 0 0



285. Sapphire and Diamond Brooch £85 0 0



295. Aquamarine, Sapphire and Diamond Ring £42 10 0



278. Sapphire and Diamond Ring £150 0 0



287. Emerald and Diamond Ring £150 0 0



273. Diamond Bracelet £165 0 0



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IT is an accepted fact that models which bear the name of Dorville are perfectly cut, admirably tailored and finished. The classical sports dresses are lifted out of the rut of the commonplace by the aid of amusing details, exclusive materials and colouring. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are sponsored by Rose and Blairman, 34, Margaret Street, and are sold by all outfitters of prestige. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, this firm will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Among the new models is a Milanese trouser dress with square breast pockets and shoulders. There are flannel dresses

THE two Dorville suits portrayed on this page have much to be said in their favour. The *chef d'œuvre* above consists of a white acetate linen coat—note how smartly it is cut—and a printed Milanese dress. It is one of those affairs that may appropriately be worn on a variety of different occasions. The suit on the right is really a coat and skirt carried out in fancy linen, the lacings on the pockets and belt being of leather in brown or blue. It must not be forgotten that there are Dorville beach and sun suits. One very attractive model has white piqué shorts with pockets at the back and a sun-top tied with a tartan sash



Pictures by Blake



"How much does it cost to cure greasiness, Jane Seymour?"

When she came to my Salon her first question, actually, was that hardy perennial, "What foundation can I use to hide this greasiness?" To which I replied as usual "None!" She looked surprised. "My dear woman," I said, "A greasy skin can't be hidden. It's got to be cured."

"But you can't do that," she said. "I've tried everything!"

"Have you ever tried daily care with properly planned preparations?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly," she owned, "but wouldn't that be frightfully expensive?"

"No," I said, "not if you work on my minimum beauty budget—which includes every preparation you need—and none you don't."

"Do tell me about it!" she said.

"Well," I said, "here's the programme. Cleansing Milk to cleanse and tone your skin every night. Pore

Cream to reduce oiliness and bring big pores back to normal. Greaskin Cream to make your skin function healthily again, without adding extra lubrication. Astringent Lotion to close pores every day. Then for make-up, Petal Lotion as a foundation for your Greaskin Powder. Lipstick and Powder Rouge. The whole thing only comes to £1 7s. 0d. And if you use those preparations faithfully *every day*, I'll guarantee that shininess of yours will vanish."

She took me at my word. And when I saw her again she said: "I'd never have believed my skin could look so matt! And your beauty budget plan is a bargain at any price!"

I have minimum budgets for dry and normal skins, too. Ask any shop that sells my preparations, and get my book "Speaking Frankly." Or write to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd., 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, W1. Mayfair 3712.



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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

COMMENDED for CRUISING

THERE is something pre-eminently satisfactory about the frocks for cruising—incidentally, they are suitable for summer days at home—in the salons of William Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street. To them must be given the credit of the suit on the left: the dress is of washing crêpe de Chine, becomingly tucked with a neat turnover collar, accompanied by a printed coat. The cost is eleven guineas. Another model for the same price has a dress of ivory washing crêpe de Chine relieved with finely embroidered marine blue French knots, the scheme being completed with a double-breasted coat with wide revers. Neither must it be overlooked that there are high-necked washing crêpe de Chine dresses for five guineas. Furthermore, there are sports suits of ivory matt for sunbathing and sports in general, including tennis, for thirty-nine shillings and sixpence. All interested in the subject must write for the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free

BRAEMAR is indeed a name to conjure with where knitwear is concerned. Therefore it is good news that the models pictured at the base of this page come from Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh, where they are accompanied with a variety of other cardigans and pull-overs. It must be mentioned that they are made of pure Indian cashmere, taken from the goats grazing on the lower slopes of the Himalayas. It is ultra-smart to have a cardigan of a contrasting colour to the pull-over. The draped bow that finishes the neck-line of the jumper on the right is decidedly flattering

Pictures by Blake

JEWELS

FOR THE CORONATION



It having been decreed by the Earl Marshal that Peeresses shall wear Tiaras at the Coronation Ceremony, The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company have given considerable thought to the designing and making of diamond head ornaments for this occasion.

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FASHION'S SPRING SONG



THE length of the skirt is always of interest; generally speaking, for daytime wear it is considerably shorter, in many instances only just passing the knees. For formal occasions skirts are several inches longer, while for the evening they touch the ground, though they do not hamper the movements of the wearer. The waistline is raised and an attempt is being made to emphasise its position. Colour schemes are gay. Indeed, it may be said that they are exotic, with Egyptian and Spanish influences plainly discernible



MATITA uses many new prints for summer frocks, accompanying them by coatees of a contrasting or harmonising material; on some are seen buttons whose fount of inspiration is a Wedgwood plaque. The suit above on the left is sure to meet with success; the skirt is of plain linen, while the quilted coat is of piqué, the embroidery suggesting a basket weave. The revers, cuffs, buttons and belt all match the skirt. It is endowed with an atmosphere of youth which cannot fail to appeal to the débutantes of this the Coronation year



COATEES are in the news; therefore the Matita models on this page are seen in alliance with this accessory, which forms an integral part of the scheme. The dress and coat in the centre of the page are in white knitted material with a design in navy blue; note that the jacket is of the new swagger persuasion. On the right is another model expressed in white linen; the short green coat is enlivened with a white check pattern. Another point to be noted is that the neckline is higher. There are signs on the horizon that later on the yoke of a semi-transparent fabric will return, either finished with a neat turnover collar or drawn up to the throat with a twisted silken cord. The "V" shaped line has a narrow band placed straight across it



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MRS. E. O. ROBERTS

Whose marriage to Mr. Emrys O. Roberts, the son of Mr. O. Glynn Roberts, took place in Glasgow on April 8. She was formerly Miss Elizabeth Ballantyne, and is the second daughter of Mr. John Ballantyne, of Roseneath, Dalziel Drive, Maxwell Park, Glasgow

the only son of the late Rev. G. E. O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, of Hove, and Mrs. Maro Constantinides, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. Constantinides, of Famagusta, are being married at Famagusta, Cyprus, on June 2.

Marrying Shortly.

The marriage between Lieut.-Commander J. E. Fenton, R.N., and Miss Cripps will take place in May, at South Cerney, Gloucestershire; Captain R. V. Taylor, 16th/5th Lancers, and Miss Prudence Lane Fox are being married at St. Mary's Church, Tadcaster, on

Abroad.

Captain Harry Whalley-Kelly, The Prince of Wales's Volunteers, and Miss Norah Hastings are being married in Bombay on May 15; at the end of May, the marriage takes place in Ceylon between Mr. Wallace Gorton Michels, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Michels, of Ceylon, and Miss Mary Sutcliffe, the only daughter of the late Rev. F. E. Sutcliffe, R.N., and of Mrs. Sutcliffe, of Putley, Herefordshire; and Mr. Bryan Justin O'Brien,



MR. AND MRS. ALEC MARSH

Whose marriage took place recently at Harrington, Lincs. Mr. Alec Marsh is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Marsh, of Bottesford, Leicestershire, and his bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Mary (Betty) Jessop, the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. T. Jessop, of Harrington. Mr. Alec Marsh is an amateur steeplechase jockey and owner and rode Don Bradman in the Grand National this year

May 20; and on June 1 the marriage is taking place between Flight-Lieut. Stephen Frederick Godden, R.A.F., the son of the late Rev. F. E. Godden and Mrs. Godden, of Woodhay, Guildford, and Miss Ann Turner, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. G. C. Turner, of High Morcote, Shalford.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Richard Hubert Sams, Royal Engineers, the elder son of Sir Hubert and Lady Sams, and Miss Elizabeth Anne

(Batty) Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey-Faussett-Osborne, of Queendown Warren, near Sittingbourne; Major Eric Sudeley Unwin, R.A.S.C., the son of the late Mr. H. Unwin and Mrs. Unwin, of Orpington, and Miss Daisy Sarah Beavis, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Beavis, of Enfield; Flight-Lieutenant Hugh Butler, R.A.F., the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Butler, of New Malden, Surrey, and Miss Elaine Sly, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sly, of Wayside, Sandilands, Croydon



MISS ROSEMARY POWELL

The daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Powell, R.A. (retired), and Mrs. Powell, of Rowberry House, Donhead, Shaftesbury, Dorset, whose marriage takes place to-morrow (15th) to Mr. G. R. Smeyers Drought, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the son of the late Major G. T. A. Drought, of Balmuccia, Co. Wicklow, and Mrs. Nugent Palmer, of Ash Priors, Cheltenham, at St. Andrews Church, Donhead

"Hampton Court"

Fitting tribute to an historic year, the new "Hampton Court" design blends the purposeful beauty of 1937 with an 18th century decorative motif. Visualize its decorative possibilities by securing an illustrated catalogue and a specimen jam spoon, priced at 2/6d, but offered at 1/6 through all leading Silversmiths to introduce this "Hampton Court" design.

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Write for free booklet by Elizabeth Craig on setting table and care of silver ware.



Canteen 747 illustrated here is one of the many in the Community range. A very fitting gift for the Coronation Bride at £8.0.0.

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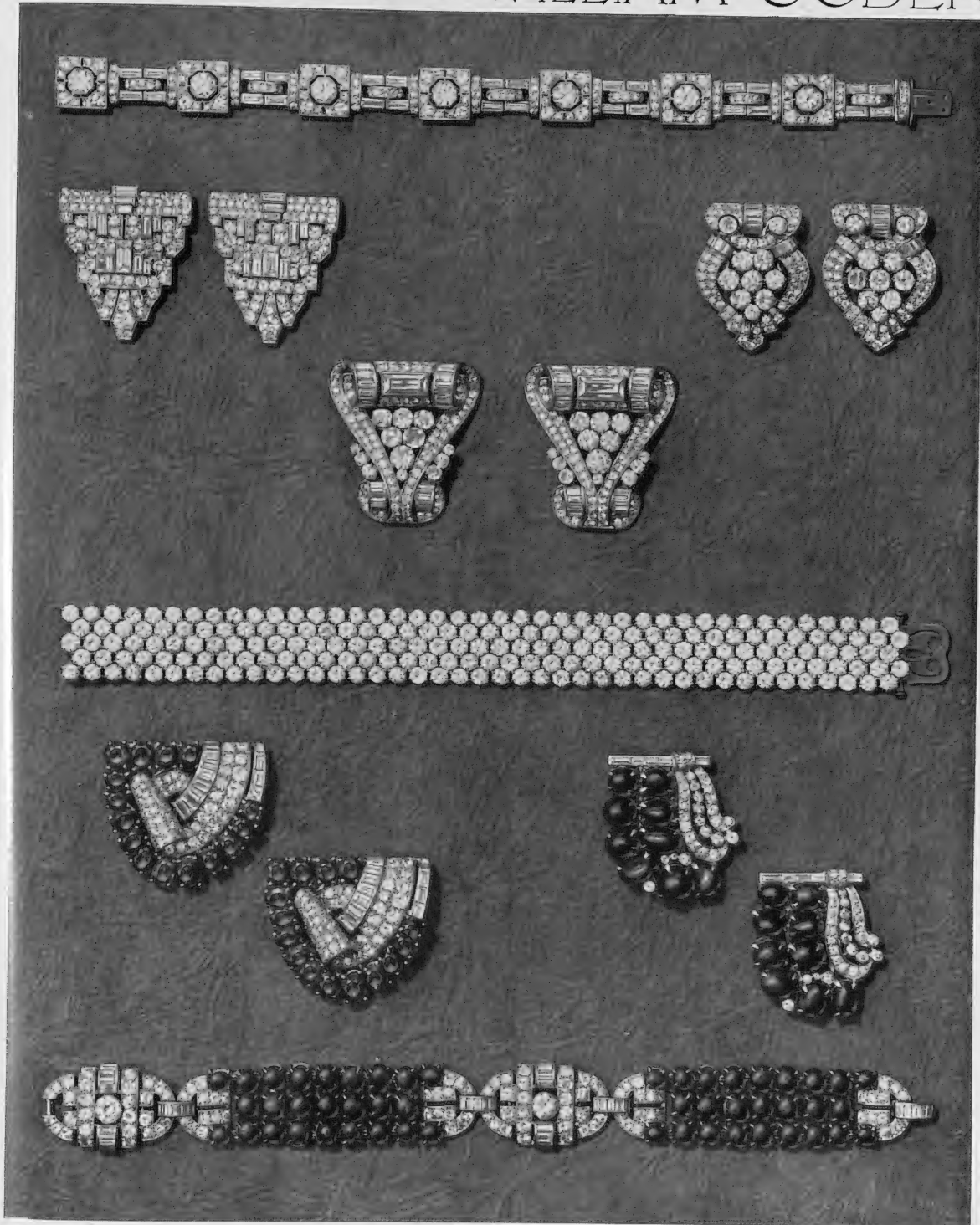
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

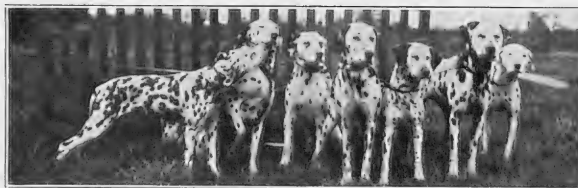
It is rather the fashion to jeer at shows, a very foolish fashion. Take dog shows. The dog is immeasurably better fed, treated and understood than he was fifty years ago, greatly due to shows. Occasionally "fancy" points do go too far, but this does not affect the rank and file. Gundogs, for instance. Trials come in for a fair share of criticism and, probably, might be improved, but the average standard of Retrievers, say, is quite different from what it used to be; all owing to trials. Toys again. No one is now proud of an asthmatical, over-fed animal; a Toy must be of a brisk, lively little dog: shows again. A show like ours on May 19 is of immense benefit to dogs, as it brings people together from all over the world to compare notes on their dogs.

I don't think the Cairn will ever wane in popularity, he has such an attractive character, game, very intelligent and utterly devoted to one person: no wonder he is found everywhere. Miss Mitchell has her kennel of Cairns in their native land, at Glasgow. She sends an untouched photograph of a group of her prizewinners. All have won. She is now extending her sympathies and writes: "I am just starting Welsh Corgis, and have a bitch from the Rozavel Kennels and also a dog from them. I find they are very interesting dogs to work with, full of character and comically inquisitive about everything."



CAIRNS
The property of Miss Mitchell

This has been a bad year for illness, and Miss Macfie has not escaped. She has been ill and away for three months, and now has to



DALMATIANS
The property of Miss Macfie

lately, and so have Norwich Terriers.

The Irish Wolfhound is a magnificent dog, the tallest of all breeds, with a delightful character in keeping with his appearance. When he first was shown his soundness left a good deal to be desired, especially in the hindquarters, but this is being rapidly altered. One of the foremost to bring about this desirable end is Mrs. Nagle. Her watchword is "soundness." No dog, however good and imposing in front, will content her if it is wrong behind. It is no easy job to get perfect soundness into a large dog like an Irish Wolfhound, but she has accomplished it; in her large kennel there is not an unsound dog, all can gallop and turn with ease. The photograph is of her young dog Sulhamstead Derrie. At ten months old he won the Challenge Certificate and Brewers' Cup at Birmingham, and at Manchester in March he was best in his breed and runner-up for the Best in Show. He has won numerous variety classes, in fact, has never been unplaced. Derrie is home-bred, his mother being Ch. Sulhamstead Fiana and his sire Ch. Fornab of Ouborough.

May I again remind members to let me have good, clear photos of their dogs. This Coronation time is going to be an important one from the point of view of finding homes for dogs.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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T H E C H O I C E O F T H E C O N N O I S S E U R

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 81)

The finest photography in *Elephant Boy* is that which deals with the Kheddah operations in Mysore. It gives you an even better idea of what happens than actually seeing it, as some of us, no doubt, have been lucky enough to do. It does so because most visitors to that sort of thing only cast up when the final shepherding of the wild herd into the big stockade is ripe for accomplishment. Before that there have been months and months of most tiresome work. The big "wings" which sweep out miles on either side of the mouth of the stockade have had to be built, and built to stand rather a rough crowd apt to stampede, and a bit ugly when angry. Then there is the drive conducted by a tame squad with Toomai's father, uncles, grandfathers and other scientists as the jockeys. Maybe there's an obstreperous bull or two ready and willing to fight his weight; he may be what is called *must*, a condition into which elephants get when they are "coorting," and then, like you or even me, maybe, they will dare and do anything. They are fair and square smitten with the cruel madness of love. The experts have always told me that there is only one cure for this malady, an express rifle with a very good man behind it, because "Ganesh," or "Iravatha," or whatever his pet name may be, is then out to kill and smash anything and everything into vulgar fractions, and that is why a third-class shot behind the rifle is not desirable. A battery of guns would not put a *must* elephant off. He has charged a railway train ere now, and so, as may be

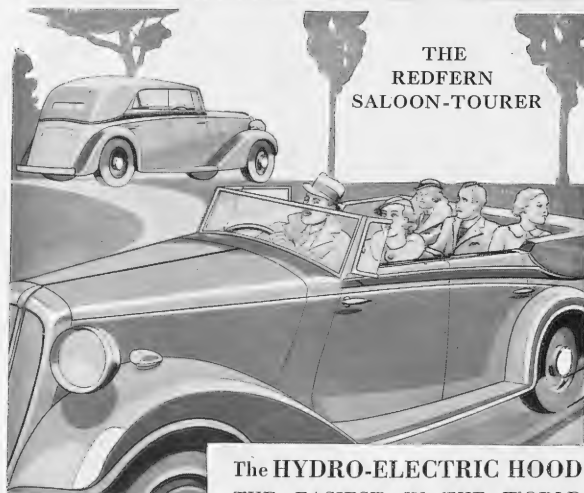


FAREWELL TO THE AMBASSADOR: SQUADRON LEADER CHAMBERLAYNE AND MAJOR C. A. DE LINDE

They were at the Gare du Nord to say farewell to Sir George Clerk on his departure from Paris. They are Assistant Air Attaché and Assistant Military Attaché respectively at the Paris Embassy

understood, he is a thing that has got to be treated with the utmost circumspection. How they managed to get "Iravatha" to act in this film as if he were really *must* and on the rampage completely defeats me, even though we know what a large amount of wisdom is stored inside those enormous heads. There is something uncanny and peculiar about the whole elephant tribe, and it is understandable why Ganesh, the elephant god, was included in the Hindu Pantheon.

"The elephant never forgets" is one of the popular catch-phrases of the moment. It is quite true. Here is a bit of proof for you. At a pigstick some years ago the house party went round the elephant lines the night before the operations began. A beautiful moonlight night, it was rather picturesque in the big mango tope where the old *hathis* were moored; smoke from the mahouts' fires, upon which they were cooking their muffins, called locally *chupattis*, and a general atmosphere of peace. The house party, as is quite customary, fed the nice, friendly old beasts on sticks of sugar cane, cake and any odd bits and pieces they may have thought of bringing with them from the house. One silly young ape, who badly needed kicking, thought it would be rather funny to give the father tusker of the lot his lighted cigar. It was a cruel thing to do. The elephant's mahout was furious, and quite rightly. Exactly a year afterwards the same party and more or less the same lot of elephants were mustered. A similar after-dinner excursion to the elephant lines took place. Suddenly a big trunk came out, seized a man, put him down, and a huge foot crushed the life out of him. Same elephant, same man. I am glad to say that I was not there on the second occasion.



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PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION

APRIL 2ND This morning comes word by telephone from my brother-in-law James that he hath procured us three fine seats to watch the Procession. Which I had abandoned hope of seeing, with places at fifteen guineas and suchlike rascally prices. So at luncheon

I met with James and drank to Their Majesties' health. And methinks the Coronation giveth all men (and not a few women) a handsome excuse for drinking healths to the King and His Queen. In which pleasure, I admit, I have freely joined, but tempered my Whiskies and Gins with abundance of Schweppes Soda and Schweppes Tonic Water. For I find that your Schweppes doth soften the rawness of your spirit without extinguishing its fire, and doth add a twinkle and blitheness of its own.



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an old 2-piece a
new masterpiece,
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--there was once a long-sleeved evening tunic (white crepe patterned vivid green) that got tired of parties. So, it was sent to Clark's to be dyed eggshell blue with a beige skirt to be dyed en suite. Now, the proud owner has a new spring outfit --a delightful shade of greenie-blue completed with black accessories. And no one would guess that Plus-Dyeing the tunic and skirt (including, of course, Vita-Cleaning) cost only 7/6.

If the order is over 7/6, we pay postage both ways. Under 7/6 we pay return postage. Why don't you send a Post Card to Clark's Dyeworks, Limited, Retford, for booklet "A woman in search of chic" and price list—both free.

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"The Crime That Went Astray"

(Continued from p. 92)

From habit Pete kept his eyes closed as he made his way to Weatherly's room. The spanner, wrapped up in a pair of socks, lay deep in his trousers pocket.

The men from the shop and the show-room had brought in the takings and left again. Weatherly would be alone in his room but for the blind clerk at the desk. Almost swiftly Pete Dawson made his way along the deserted passage.

The inner doors at Priory Lodge had been taken from their frames. The house was centrally heated and that helped to distribute the warmth. It was also an aid to the sightless men who had to feel their way about.

Weatherly was seated at the table, his back towards Pete and the doorway. On the table were piles of silver and a pad of notes beneath the pen-stand. Beyond, bending over the high deal desk, Pete could see the blind clerk working, and his hand in his trousers pocket gripped the padded spanner tighter.

To within striking distance of Weatherly, Pete managed to creep unheard, and the scratching of the blind clerk's pen seemed to be the only sound. But as Pete raised his hand on high, the spanner in its vice-like grip, the scratching of pen on paper stopped and a warning cry rang out.

"Look out! Look out, Mr. Weatherly!" Then the clerk was across the room and was struggling with Pete for the spanner before the other could collect himself. But Weatherly realised, as did Pete, that the clerk was by no means blind.

After the police had taken Pete away the clerk confessed to Weatherly. When first he had come to Priory Lodge he had been as blind as the rest of his colleagues. Then gradually his sight had come back to him, but with it a dilemma, too.

He had been rescued by Weatherly from

the streets, as had so many others, and the happiest days of all his life had been lived at Priory Lodge. Then when his sight came back to him he saw himself being sent away, and more than anything else in life he wanted to stay at the Lodge.

"So I did not tell," he ended. "I did not tell anyone. And all day I would keep my eyes shut just as if I still was blind. I dared not risk you seeing me opening them and thinking me a fraud."

"But what made you look up when you did so that you managed to save my life? I am certain that criminal made no sound or I myself would have heard it."

"The shadow of his arm crossed my ledger as he raised his hand to strike, for the fanlight behind him above the door was direct in my line of vision. I registered the fresh reflection at once, for my lids are sensitive, and instinct made me open my eyes just in time to prevent him striking."

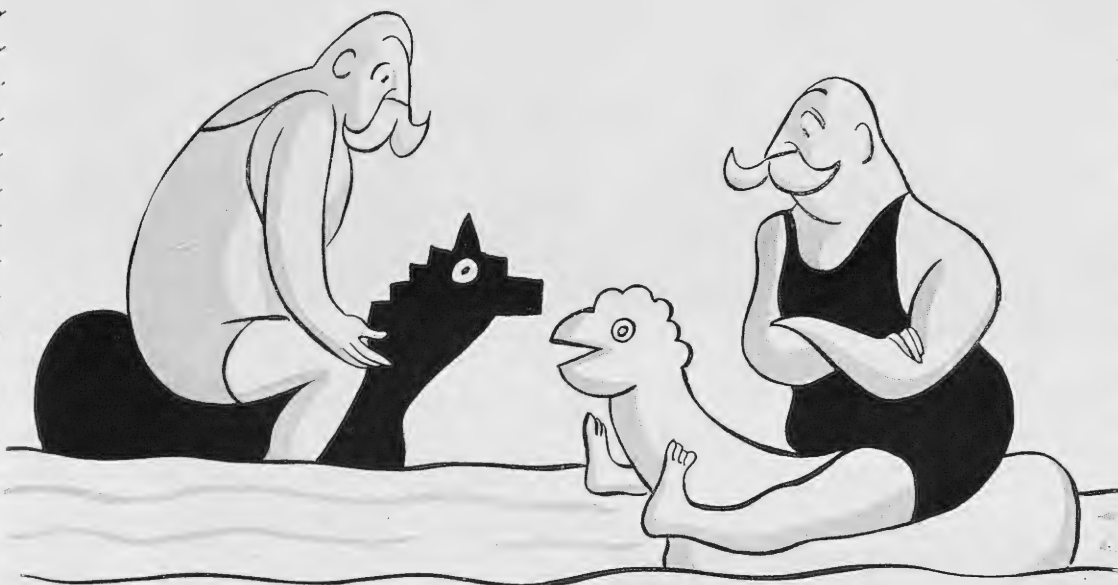
Pete Dawson was given several years on the Moor for the crime that went astray, for the judge, hearing all the circumstances, was especially severe. Weatherly introduced the arrangement to the house in the Uxbridge Road that all newcomers were seen by a specialist to certify them blind; while the clerk whose sight had come back to him remained on at the Lodge as he wished, although now his eyes are no longer closed as he sits at the high deal desk.



MISS ANNY ONDRA IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

When Max Schmeling was last heard of he was in Prague with his pretty wife, Anny Ondra, who was making a film. Schmeling was leaving for New York to go into hard training to fight Jimmy Braddock, whom he vows he will meet on June 3—according to his stated contract

What's yours?



—mine's a Pimm's No. 1

Gad, sir, this'll wet your whistle. Pimm's No. 1. The original Gin Sling. *The* drink for a man of taste. *Or* a woman for that matter. Mustn't forget the mem-sahibs! First met Pimm's in the City—ages ago. Business fellers kept it to themselves for 70 years. Knew a thing or two! Now anybody who *is* anybody can enjoy it. Find it everywhere, by Jove. Clubs. Bars. You can even buy a bottle in a shop. Damme, Sir, when I'm hot and bothered Pimm's No. 1 is the breath of life to me. Golden elixir, that's what I call it, golden elixir.



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MR. AMBROSE CLARK AND THE
MISSES HASTINGS



LADY ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART AND
LORD DAVID CRICHTON-STUART

Photos: Truman Howell

In these pictures are a few of the people who saw Mr. J. V. Rank's Lacatoi win the Welsh Grand National at Cardiff the other day, and win it pretty comfortably much to the general satisfaction as he went out a 2 to 1 favourite. He survived an objection! Mr. "Brose" Clark had Sorley Boy in the big chase and also La Touche, the latter falling. He is seen talking to two of the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings' daughters. Miss Diana Clarke, who is with Fulke Walwyn, now a "professor" and the pilot of Reynoldstown when he won last year's Grand National, is a daughter of Major Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell. Lord David Crichton-Stuart, who is with his sister-in-law, is a son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute. Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart was formerly Lady Janet Montgomerie, the second of Lord and Lady Eglinton's very attractive daughters, and married Lord Robert in 1934.

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And Ageing, Crepey Throats!

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PERFECTION CREAM. Made of rich herbal essences, this beneficial nourishing cream quickly banishes crepiness and lines, crow's-feet and dry shrivelled eyelids, making delicate tissues smooth, firm and young again. 5/6, 10/6.

HERBAL EYE PACKS are invaluable for tired, strained or inflamed eyes. They draw out all sensation of weariness, restoring clarity, brilliance and sparkle. 10/6.

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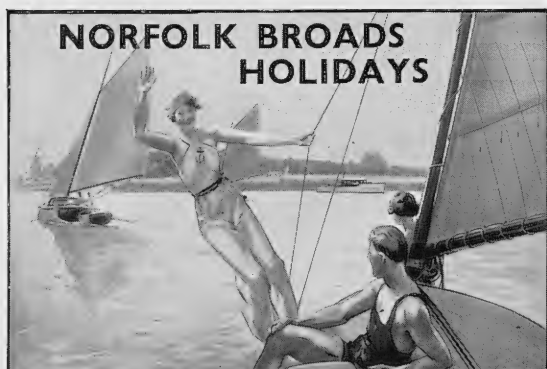
MUSCLE TIGHTENER (Georgine Lactee) is ideal for relaxed contours, drooping chin lines and tired muscles. Throats and necks take on the rounded, clean-cut, firm look of youth and extra chins or flabby tissues disappear. Also, it does not dry delicate skin. 6/6, 11/6.

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OR AGENCY**

Racing Ragout—continued from p. 54

I had done it the horse would have turned round and gone the wrong way when the gate went up, but he did nothing wrong and won comfortably. "Out," screamed the delighted lieutenant, who was not so deeply immersed as his senior partner. "By the Great Horn Spoon we can get home again." "Not so fast," retorted the Major. "He is in again to-morrow with a 7lb. penalty, and we'll have the lot on him." To make a short story long, they had the whole 12,000 rupees on him next day at 6-4, and he won by a short head, leaving them masters of upwards of £2,000, which in "ready" is worth five in chits or credit. What did they do? They sold the horse well, bought tickets to England, and then, mindful of the sterling work, yeoman service and complete dumbness of Ghoda Khan, a poor, benighted heathen working for about 30 chips a month and a week's leave a year, they bunched him with 500 chips and gave him a year's leave on full pay at the expense of the aforesaid G.W. Raj.

These things are only possible when your star is shining, and how is one to know when it is?

Round and About Notes

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week Dr. Noel Scott's new mystery play *And the Music Stopped* is being presented with Phyllis Dare, Edmund Willard and Bernard Lee included in a strong cast prior to presentation in the West End.

The proprietors of "Ovaltine" can always be depended on to supply one of the outstanding features of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. Their stand this year represents the paved terrace of a country garden overlooking a sunlit countryside. In the distance are seen the famous "Ovaltine" egg and dairy farms and the "Ovaltine" factory, standing—as they do in real life—among pleasant hills and wooded parkland. Scenic artists and lighting experts have produced a remarkable effect of a summer afternoon in a charming English garden.

On the terrace stands a tall bronze statue of the Fighting Gladiator—symbol of strength and radiant vitality. Farther back, in the shade of the trees, is a small cinema, where an interesting display of films is presented throughout the day. The Ovaltineys, of course, have not been forgotten. They have their own small stand at one end of the main stand. Here they can meet other members of the famous League of Ovaltineys. There is a letter box, too, and boys and girls who wish to join the League can fill up application forms and post them straight to the Chief Ovaltiney. The "Ovaltine" stand has so much of interest to every member of the family that it should not on any account be missed.



Dorothy Wilding
MR. MALCOLM KEEN, TO APPEAR IN A
"FATHER AND SON" PLAY

It is very rarely that we find an actor father and an actor son appearing together in a "father and son" play, but this is about to happen in *Strange Rhythm*, in which Mr. Malcolm Keen and his son, Mr. Geoffrey Keen, will be appearing in a new play by Mrs. M. Bolton and Mr. Stephen Vagliano, to be presented by the G Theatre Club at the St. James's on April 18. Mr. Malcolm Keen will play a newspaper proprietor at variance with his son, who is a reporter on the paper. We greatly regret that in the issue of this paper of March 31 we referred to Mr. Malcolm Keen as "the late," a slip for which we apologise.

John Erith, the well-known photographer, is holding an exhibition of his work at the Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, until April 30 from 11 a.m. until 7 p.m. each weekday. Mr. Erith is a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society, was judge to the All-British Salons in 1931 and 1934, and has been an exhibitor at over 200 salons in England and on the Continent.



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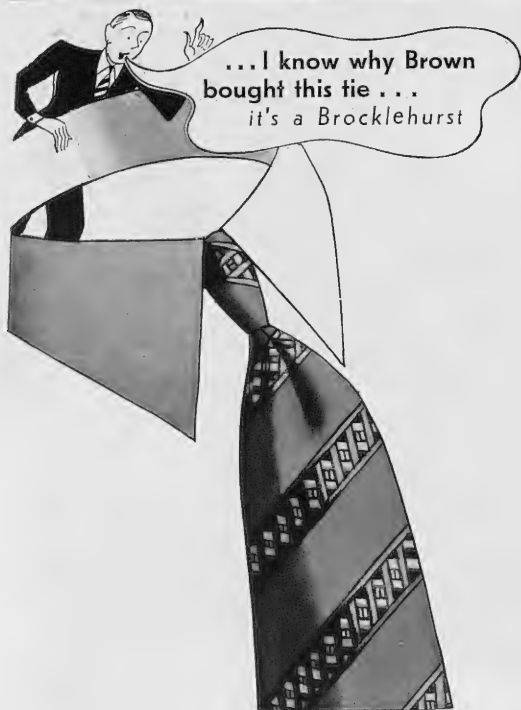
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BROCKLEHURST — THE TIE WITH THE GOLDEN TASSEL...

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 86

all, the same, don't let any of us be misled once more by recent results into imagining that this player or that is a creaking old cab horse, just because he or she is taking longer than usual to get back into championship form.

As a matter of fact, once a player has shown himself to be a world beater, it is dangerous to despise his powers, even years after his apparent prime, when it would seem as though his star must have set. But what was once said of Cleopatra's charms, is equally applicable to some tennis players. Age cannot mar nor custom stale their infinite variety, either. And when I saw the other day that Tilden had defeated Perry in one of their professional matches, I wasn't in the least surprised. I expect lots of people who read that result gave a significant nod, suspecting that the result was cooked for the sake of future box offices. But, personally, I do not believe that it was so. In the case of Vines and Perry, who now stand at twenty-all, perhaps the see-saw has been slightly balanced, but where the other two are concerned, their rivalry has been too bitter over a number of years, and Tilden has professed himself so unimpressed by the form of our still reigning champion for Perry not to seize this moment of revenge, if he could. Of course, he did defeat Tilden and decisively, in their first encounter, but now Tilden has shown once more what abundance of life and brilliance his giant frame still contains. How he must have laughed when he got back into the changing room!

And how we shall all laugh at the faces of the L.T.A. councillors, who turn up incognito at Wembley, a fortnight before Wimbledon starts, to see the staging of the greatest professional tournament there has even been in this country. Vines and Perry and Tilden and Cochet, and Stoeffen and Nusslein. What a galaxy, what a box-office draw! Don't imagine for a moment that this tournament will be a faked affair. Every one of those men puts his tennis honour before his pocket, especially when his pocket directly benefits by the number of victories he can register in the course of the week. I that sounds a cynical judgment, it is only because the truth must often seem so. And the truth is that shamateurism as a working tennis philosophy has had its day. The public has begun to guess too much about how so many players live, while the promoters are beginning to be frightened of being caught and left, so to speak with the baby. Perry sacrificed his virtue, if virtue it was, openly; and with a far cleaner conscience than must be possessed by all those who live from racquet to mouth, but don't allow their right hand to see what is being pressed into the palm of their left. Perry's example is bound to have far-reaching results. Perhaps not on the actual Wimbledon attendances this year—that remains to be seen—but certainly on the number of players, who, despite the entreaties of the L.T.A. authorities and the "perks" offered to keep a crooked racquet, will be signing on the dotted line before the season is over.

And why not? Surely it is more honourable for the player and more satisfactory for the payer, that all financial transactions should be carried on in the same open way as they are in other branches of the labour or entertainment markets. It is perfectly ridiculous to talk about Perry now as though he had sold his soul to the devil, when it is well known that for the last four years, ever since the Davis Cup came back to this shore (plus its attendant royalties from the last two rounds of the competition being played at Wimbledon), tennis officials put their heads together to devise schemes that would not destroy the technical terms of Perry's amateur status, but at the same time, allow him to make a decent living out of the game. Finally, the moment arrived when the champion no longer thought that living decent enough, and who can blame him? I am only surprised that he took so long over realising his best market value and his best *métier*, just as I shall be equally surprised if many of our other rising young stars do not follow his example, after the Wembley tournament has been staged.

Please don't think this is a pessimistic judgment. On the contrary, I believe in all honesty that the best thing that can happen for the future of the game most near to my heart is that shamateurism in all its manifold forms should be debunked once and for all, and the contrast between playing tennis for fun and playing the game for a living should be so clearly and so cleanly defined that none whom it may concern will have either the opportunity or the desire to put off making that choice another season.

This year is a memorable one in our country's history. I should like to think that it will be equally memorable where tennis crowns are concerned.

* * *

One of the year's most promising players on the spindle side of the game is Lady Doreen Pleydell-Bouverie, who ran Miss K. E. Stammers, the holder, to 6—1, 4—6, 7—5 in the third round of the women's singles in the Surrey Hard Court Championships at the Roehampton Club. Lady Doreen is a pupil of the famous Mrs. Larcombe.

"'The Hellcat' and I are parting. She was a sport but I think we're all getting a bit tired of noise and discomfort - and the altogether too remote control. So what? Now, I've got to have something that can really shift. But I'm afraid a saloon would hardly have sporting enough lines. And a convertible coupe is too expensive. And not roomy enough for the crowd and all their stuff at week-ends. It doesn't look as if anyone makes a car for the likes of me ...!"

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Miss Diane Raye is the lady from America whose "turn" has given rise to so much discussion lately, but proved, when staged at the Victoria Palace, to be nothing so very dreadful after all, and the excitement seems to have died down very considerably. Jane Carr is the popular artiste who is known to all of us by means of the radio as well as on the stage. She was supping at the San Marco with Mr. Miesegeaes on the occasion when the opening of Miss Raye's turn was celebrated. Mrs. Cecil Lawrence is the former Miss Diana Creighton

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. It would be hard to imagine a braver or sadder fight than that of three ladies for whom we ask your help; the mother, a doctor's widow, aged 87, and her two elderly daughters, battling against overwhelming poverty, their entire amalgamated income per annum being £109. The mother has had several strokes and is quite helpless, one daughter is a total invalid, and the other a widow, having nursed them both for years and done all the housework, and in her devotion stinting herself of necessities of food, has now wrecked her own health. Their struggle against illness in poverty is heart-rending, and we want to be able to assure them of 10s. a week to relieve their sufferings a little. Will anyone who is surrounded by the comforts of life and whose fire is burning brightly send us a donation for this tragic trio of deserving people?

Not many people know exactly what are Feathers Clubs. They are a chain of clubs opened four years ago to attempt to tackle the problems of life in the poorest districts of London by giving the people living there a chance to enjoy some of the amenities for which they have little room or opportunity at home.

The first was opened in North Kensington, a district where there was—and still is—much unemployment, or employment is so casual that many have great difficulty in supporting their families. Four more opened in quick succession, a sixth is starting, and two more are under consideration, and all are badly needed, and in the poorest parts of London.

An appeal is now made by The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill to extend the movement by founding more clubs, and in the course of which Mr. Churchill has said: "Let me impress on you they are *clubs* in the true sense of the word, run by their members who pay a subscription, elect their own committees, make their own rules, manage their own activities, and where everything is done to encourage independence. More money is needed to start, equip and maintain them.

Each club has its canteen where, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., nourishing food is served at low prices. Each has its library—with a special section for children, its dramatic society, dances, whist drives, in fact every kind of indoor and outdoor game and pastime. In them members can learn shoe-repairing, carpentry, mothercraft, cooking, dressmaking and languages. Also free legal advice is available. Send me your cheques, your postal orders, your stamps, and you will have done your part in helping in a really practical way 'to love your neighbour as yourself.'"

In our issue of March 24 last we published a photograph of Mrs. E. G. Lang, who took part in the R.A. theatricals at Woolwich. Owing to a photographer's error Mrs. Lang was described as Mrs. Syme. We apologise for any annoyance or inconvenience caused by this mistake.

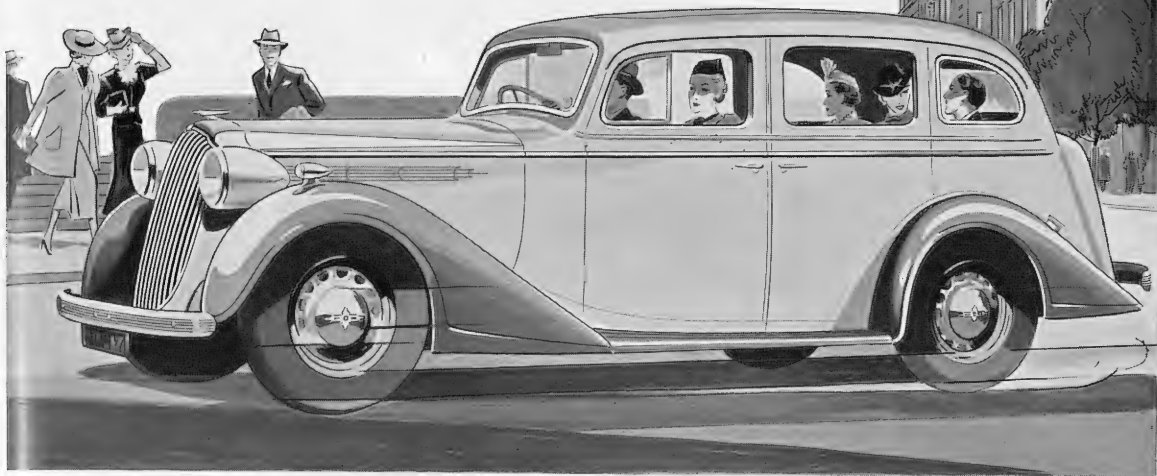
THE BYSTANDER Ladies' Northern Foursomes are played this year at Birkdale, from April 13 to 16. This is the 15th year of the event, and beside a full entry of 128 couples, 18 other couples are on a waiting list. Following the plan which proved popular with other BYSTANDER Foursomes last year, the eight lowest handicap pairs have been seeded, one couple in each eighth of the draw. Famous players competing include two of last year's Curtis Cup team, Miss Jessie Anderson partnered by Mrs. Barbour, and Mrs. Garon, partnered by Lady Alness; two ex-Scottish champions, Mrs. Hugh Percy and Miss Nan Baird; Miss Bridget Newell, runner-up in last year's British championship and holder, with Miss Craddock-Hartopp, of these Northern Foursomes. They are defending their title from a joint handicap of 3, Miss Anderson and Mrs. Barbour are also joint 2, and the backmarkers, Miss Elsie Corlett and Miss Jessie Firth, are joint 3. The present Girl Champion, Miss Peggy Edwards, of Manchester, is competing, so is Miss Mary Johnson, twice runner-up in the English championship, playing with Miss Barbara Lees, with whom she has twice won these Northern Foursomes, including the last time they took place at Birkdale.



ELIZABETH AND HER ENEMY: MISS ELLA MILNE AS THE FAMOUS QUEEN AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

Famous relics of Mary Queen of Scots are on view at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. Miss Ella Milne as Queen Elizabeth is seen beside the portrait of the ill-starred Northern Queen whose rivalry Elizabeth feared

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Gunners must ride horses wherever they are and Royal Artillery point-to-point meetings are many and various. This one was at Farrington, which is near Alton and quite handy for the Regiment as represented in Bordon, Aldershot, Ewshot and places which guns frequent. Brig.-General T. G. Heywood is attached to the Staff of the Aldershot Command. Brig.-General C. D. Rawson recently got home from the H.Q. of that lively district, the Northern Command of India, which includes those amiable gentry the Waziris, Mahsuds and so on, who are so uppish at the moment. Miss Allison is the daughter of Captain Allison, the Jockey Club's official starter, the wizard who can send away a bedlam of half-crazy two-year-olds in workmanlike fashion



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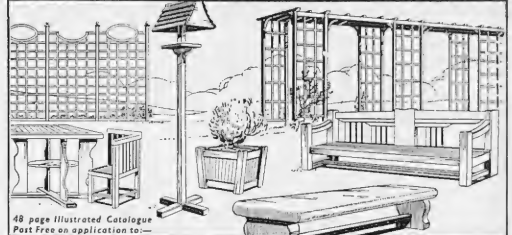
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All the proceeds from the première at the Leicester Square Theatre of that wonderful film *Elephant Boy* were generously given to help the funds of the Westminster Housing Association and Westminster Homes. The Hon. Lady Davidson, whose husband is in the above picture, has headed the Committee which has been working for this cause for the last eighteen months, supported by the Hon. Charles Rhys as Deputy Chairman plus a really hard-working committee. Lady Greenwood brought her younger son, the Hon. Eric, who is 13. Mr. J. H. Thorpe, the well-known K.C., came with his wife. Mrs. Rudyard Kipling was the guest of the evening. The film is, as everyone knows, founded on Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*



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"LOST HORIZON"ISOBEL JEWELL (AS GLORIA) AND
THOMAS MITCHELL (BARNARD)

Lost Horizon is to open at the Tivoli on April 19. It is a tale of a hidden country in Tibet, Shrangri La, possibly meant to be Lhasa, in which Robert Conway finds himself by chance with four others. The film is a tragic one, and is based on Conway's successful search for happiness through serenity, a happiness which circumstances force him to abandon. There is marked originality in this film, which is directed by Frank Capra for Columbia Pictures. The story is based on James Hilton's great book which won the Hawthornden Prize and the film is said to have cost £400,000, one scene alone absorbing £25,000, and possibly a good deal of this high cost was due to "location" expenses. How much of it was shot in Tibet is not announced at the moment



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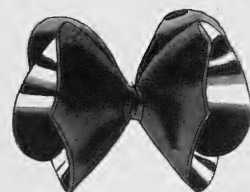
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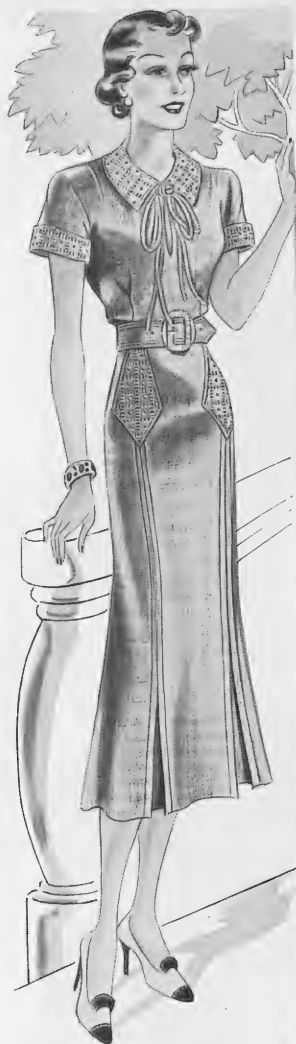
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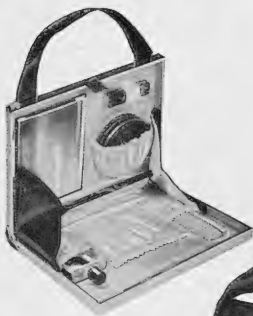
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